THE DICKENSIAN

AUTUMN NUMBER

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WHEN FOUND—

A New Dress. We have become so accustomed to changes that the present number of *The Dickensian* is not likely to produce any shock. Paper restriction has been the cause; but, although there is a difference in the usual substantial feel of the number, a re-arrangement of type-space, and a little conserving of space compensate for it almost entirely. There is nearly as much letterpress in this number as usual. We hope the present arrangement will commend itself to our readers as the best solution of our difficulties. There is one feature we shall miss very badly—that incomparable index to the vogue of Dickens "From Recent Books," which Mr. Louis B. Frewer has supplied with unremitting zeal for more than twelve years. His connection with the Bodleian Library at Oxford placed him in a most favourable position for this particular work, and his great love of Dickens rendered his arduous task a real labour of love. We wish him God-speed in the R.A.F. Meanwhile, if readers send me extracts from newly-published books, giving title and publishers' name, we may yet be able to keep the feature going until Mr. Frewer's return to civil life.

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Vanishing Dickensland. The time is not yet to assess the war damage to Dickensland. The first of the "Baedeker raids" on Bath deprived the Assembly Rooms there of almost everything except its outer walls; some houses in the Crescent were demolished—but you may be sure, not the one tenanted by Mrs. Craddock! In Canterbury the 800-years-old Fountain Hotel, where Dickens stayed, was burnt out, and the little house of the Heep family is reported to have gone too; but as that had already gone once before, and will doubtless go again, we are not inclined to worry over much about it.

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Names. A writer in the "Yorkshire Post" points out that in Suffolk there is a village of Great Knell, and expresses genuine regret that it is not partnered by a Little Knell. A kindly correspondent who often drops into Dickens in "The Times," and elsewhere, forwards to me information received from a friend that in Wimborne Minster there are two mural tablets, one, to a child of a family named Wardell (died 1810), and the other to a Snodgrass who died while *Pickwick* was being written. The other day, not very far from our editorial offices, we discovered a confectioner's shop with the name Chadband above it; it must be real and not a trade name such as the firm of Leadenhall Street tailors, Dombey and Son, may be; we notice from the telephone directory that there is also a Paul Dombey, tailor, in Holloway; and several others, private and trade, of the same family. The same invaluable book of reference gives us several Cuttles (one *may* be a Captain, of course); there is a "Cuttle Kiosk" (tobacconist) in a little court running between Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets, in the very heart of Cuttledom. There are plenty of Chicks, a whole column of Gays, but we do not find a Gills.

Dedication Copies. The copy of *Nicholas Nickleby* presented by Dickens to Macready to whom it was dedicated, inscribed on the dedication page "W. C. Macready Esquire, From his faithful friend, Charles Dickens," was sold at Sothebys in May last to a dealer for the ridiculously low sum of £150. We are pleased to say, it has since been acquired by Count de Suzannet. When Dickens presented the book to Macready he wrote "The red represents my blushes at its gorgeous dress; the gilding all those bright professions which I do *not* make to you; and the book itself, my whole heart for twenty months, which should be yours for so short a term, as you have it always." This important copy was the property of the late E. Y. Lowne, for years the friend and companion of John L. Toole; it bears the inscription, "To E. Y. Lowne from his Friend J. L. Toole July 12/92." How long Toole owned it, we do not know; but a former owner was H. W. Bruton, whose signature is on the fly-leaf, with a note "Bt. at Christies £16." When the letter which originally accompanied the volume got separated from it we do not know, but another letter preserved in the book reveals that it was once in the hands of Frank T. Sabin, who tried unsuccessfully to get Lowne to part with the book for £30. The letter ultimately got to America, where some enterprising person added a brown bound copy of *Nickleby* to it, and for some years now the letter and the book have been in the Widener Library at Harvard University. The letter from Dickens to Macready dated 31st September, 1839, asking for permission to dedicate the novel to him, is already in possession of Count de Suzannet, who must be congratulated on securing at long last this important associaton copy. At the same sale, a copy of *The Village Coquettes* inscribed "J. P. Harley Esqre From The Author," was sold for £32. This also has passed to Count de Suzannet, who already possessed the manuscript of the dedication to Harley (see *The Dickensian*, 1941, p. 221). A copy was sold at the Kern sale in New York in 1929, inscribed "J. P. Harley Esquire, From his faithfully Charles Dickens." If this is a genuine inscription, Dickens must have given Harley two copies.

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Annotations. Mr. T. Kent Brumleigh commences in this number what will prove to be one of the most interesting of all our features. An annotated edition of Dickens's novels is long overdue. Kitton began one more than forty years ago in the Rochester Edition, but his notes were "chiefly topographical," to use his own description, and only six of the novels were published; *Dombey and Son* was not one of them.

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Verify your References. Recently reading Sir Philip Gibbs's novel, "The Golden Years," I was fascinated by the amount of factual detail of life and manners in the late sixties, until the heroine was taken to hear Dickens read. "She had never heard a lecture by this great novelist," we are told (p. 92), and was much affected by the Reading—her handkerchief was "quite wet after the death of Little Dorrit" (p. 102); and as "Mr. Dickens read the death of Little Dorrit" is again mentioned on p. 115, I realise that it is not a slip, but is an error for Dombey. And this is not all! A few days after the Dickens Reading the heroine was invited to a Matinée of "Caste" at the Haymarket Theatre. Matinées as such were unknown before the late eighties, or early nineties; they were called Morning Performances: and "Caste" was not performed at the Haymarket Theatre until January 20th, 1883. It was first played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in 1867.

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A Pretty Kettle of Cuttle.

The gift of illustration by apt use of the Dickens phrase is possessed by few journalists. Many aspire to the ideal set by Mr. Bernard Darwin ; but few are successful. "The Londoner" in the "Evening Standard," tried it the other day, when referring to Father Ristanovitch, private chaplain to King Peter of Serbia. He described him as "an outstanding figure, tall, broad with moustache and Captain Cuttle beard." That won't do, Mr. Londoner ! It must have been Captain Hook who had that smart pointed beard, and Captain Kettle who was minus a hand. Now that's found, make a note on !

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"Let Him Remember It"

NOW ; not "in years to come" !

(1) The book for the coming season, 1942-43, is *Dombey and Son.*

(2) The correct addressses of the Dickensian and the Fellowship are given on the inside front cover ; do not cause extra work to the Post Office by incorrect addresses, necessitating re-direction.

(3) The Editor expects all branch secretaries who have not yet done so to send in brief reports of war-time activities to reach him before the fifteenth October for inclusion in the Winter number.

(4) The Dickens Fellowship is forty years old on October 6th next. This occasion will be celebrated in London by a meeting on October 10th, at which Mr. A. W. Edwards will speak about the early days of the Fellowship and the Dickens House.

ABOUT *DOMBEY*

Dombey and Son was begun at Lausanne on 28th June, 1846, continued at Paris, London, Brighton and Broadstairs, and ended at Brighton at the end of March, 1848.

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It was published in nineteen monthly numbers, price one shilling, commencing 1st October, 1846, and ending 1st April, 1848, with a double number.

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Forty illustrations were provided by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz), and in addition an extra twelve plates, also by Phiz, were published separately on the completion of the work.

* * *

Before commencing the work, Dickens opened a book at random, saying, "Now, whatever passage my thumb rests on I shall take as having reference to my work." The book was "Tristram Shandy," and the words, "What a book it is likely to turn out ! Let us begin it."

* * *

From the first inception of the book, Paul was destined to die early and to justify Miss Tox in her observation, "So Dombey and Son is indeed a Daughter after all."

* * *

Paul died in Number 5 (February, 1847). Thackeray was most impressed with the affecting account, saying "There's no writing against such power as this—one has no chance. Read that chapter describing young Paul's death ; it is unsurpassed ; it is stupendous."

* * *

In the Preface, Dickens wrote : "When I am reminded by any chance of what it was the waves were always saying, I wander in my fancy for a whole winter night about the streets of Paris—as I really did, with a heavy heart, on the night when my little friend and I parted company for ever."

* * *

While engaged on the second number Dickens wrote to Forster : "Invention, thank God, seems the easiest thing in the world ; and I seem to have such a preposterous sense of the ridiculous . . . as to be constantly requiring to restrain myself from launching into extravagancies in the height of my enjoyment."

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On the other hand, in his Swiss retreat, he missed the crowds and turmoil of the cities. "I can't express how much I want these," he wrote. "It seems as if they supplied something to my brain which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose."

* * *

"For a week or a fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place (as at Broadstairs), and a day in London sets me up again and starts me. But the toil and labour of writing day after day without that magic lantern, is IMMENSE ! ! ! . . . My fingers seem disposed to stagnate without crowds about them."

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The Manuscript and Corrected Proofs are in the Forster collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

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Dombey and Son was dedicated to the Marchioness of Normanby ; the presentation copy inscribed by Dickens and dated 6th September, 1848, is in the library of Mr. W. M. Elkins, Philadelphia.

WALTER DEXTER.

"MR. DICKENS COMES TO MONTREAL"

The Montreal Branch brought the season 1941-42 to a triumphant close with their celebrations of the centenary of the visit of Dickens to their city in 1842.

Anticipating the actual date of the centenary, the month of May, for obvious reasons, a play in four acts, entitled "Mr. Dickens Comes to Montreal," was presented on March 12th and 13th. It was specially written by a former president, Mr. R. H. Mainer. The play indicated the excitement caused in the city by the approaching visit of "Boz"; told of the arrangements for his reception and for the plays he was to supervise, and concluded with the reception given to Dickens after the performances and pictured him overwhelmed with his success as an actor, faced with the temptation to give up his literary career for the stage, but deciding to continue as a writer as he had still so much to tell the public through the written word.

Notable Canadian and Montreal characters of a hundred years ago were introduced into the play. In addition to Dickens and his wife were Sir Charles Bagot, Governor-General; Sir Richard Jackson, Commander-in-Chief; Lord Mulgrave, the Mayor of Montreal, and Francisco Rasco, proprietor of the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Dickens stayed.

The play was beautifully mounted, and the brilliant uniforms of the men and the picturesque Early Victorian dresses of the ladies made dazzling pictures. All the characters were well sustained. Special mention must be made of Mr. Denis Murphy in the difficult part of Dickens, and Mr. Whitfield Aston as the apoplectic Sir Richard Jackson.

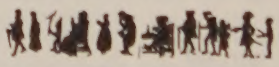
At the close of both performances, the author, Mr. Mainer, was repeatedly called before the curtain. Later, at the meeting on March 24th, he was presented with a pipe-set as a token of the appreciation of his fellow-members of the Fellowship.

Both performances received civic patronage. Addressing the audience on the second night, Mr. Adhemar Reynault, Mayor of Montreal, pointed out that one of the characters was the Hon. Peter McGill, the Mayor of a hundred years ago. As his predecessor had the honour of welcoming Charles Dickens to Montreal, it was his privilege, he said, to welcome the successors of the novelist, the members of the Dickens Fellowship, and to thank them for what they had done to add to the cultural life of the community.

In addition to the play the Centenary was marked in other directions. Thanks to Dr. Lomer, librarian of McGill University, an exhibition of Dickensiana was held at that institution for the benefit of students in particular and the public in general. Among the exhibits were copies of the plays produced in Montreal by Dickens, portraits of Boz at the time of his visit, facsimiles of the playbills of the two dramatic performances in Montreal, pictures of the theatre, etc., etc. This exhibition attracted quite a lot of interest.

The Montreal press also devoted considerable space to the centenary, thanks to Mr. Andrew Paterson, the results of whose researches into Dickens and Montreal have already been published in these pages.

As a result of these celebrations, it may indeed be claimed that not for a long time has Montreal been so conscious of Dickens as it is to-day.



DO YOU KNOW?

(*Answers to Questions on page* 132)

1, Mr. Bagnet; 2, Grip; 3, In the Marshalsea; 4, A marble; 5, Rochester; 6, Miss Havisham; 7, Spontaneous combustion; 8, Kenge; 9, In Marseilles; 10, Joe Willet; 11, Tigg Montague; 12, At Canterbury; 13, Harris; 14, Banking; 15, Mr. Wopsle; 16, Mr. Grimwig; 17, Mr. Micawber; 18, Stone Lodge; 19, Mr. Dick; 20, Newman Noggs; 21, At Portsmouth; 22, Alphonse; 23, Nobody; 24, The Golden Key; 25, Miss Barbary; 26, Mrs. General; 27, Mercy; 28, Mrs. Fezziwig; 29, Agnes Fleming; 30, In Birmingham; 31, Susan; 32, John Jarndyce; 33, W. Grubble; 34, At Great White Horse, Ipswich; 35, In St. Mary Axe; 36. Mr. Pecksniff; 37, St. Evremonde; 38, Bentley Drummle; 39, Jonas Chuzzlewit; 40, Flopson; 41, Mrs. Pipchin.

MORE LETTERS TO THE WATSONS

BY FRANKLIN P. ROLFE

(*continued from page* 166)

ON January 5th, 6th, 8th, 12th, and 14th, 1857, Dickens had produced at Tavistock House Wilkie Collins's play, "The Frozen Deep," and his old favourite, "Animal Magnetism."

Tavistock House,
Sixteenth January 1857.

My Dear Mrs Watson

Though in the depressed agonies of smashing the Theatre, I must in half a dozen words thank you for your kind note of this morning.

I never can tell you how much I regret your absence. I believe that nothing so complete will ever be done again; and I had made up my mind (and had often said so here), to surprise you—you especially.

My only comfort is, that the dear children may be considered well again. But I shall never separate from the Frozen Deep, the drawback of your not having seen it.

Kind love from all.

Ever Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Tavistock House,
Tuesday Tenth March 1857

My Dear Mrs Watson

I left the Bedford, early yesterday morning, leaving the Invalid behind to follow with the baggage. (My face is like a cullender from the hail and ice on Sunday).

Here is the Frozen Deep, accompanied by love and regard from all. I lose no time in sending off the packet.

My Dear Mrs Watson
Ever Most Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

Dickens acted the congenial and significant part of Richard Wardour in "The Frozen Deep" six times during the summer of 1857, to aid the fund for Douglas Jerrold's widow and children. Maria Ternan, who played the part of Clara Burnham in the performances at Manchester was, of course, Ellen Lawless Ternan's sister. The Christmas number for 1857 was *The Perils of Certain English Prisoners*. Walter Savage Landor Dickens had just gone out to India, where he later died. Dickens read the *Carol* for the Mechanics' Institutes at Coventry (December 15th) and Chatham (December 27th), for the Athenæum at Bristol (January 19th, 1858), and for the Philosophical Institute at Edinburgh (March 26th). The Honourable Spencer Lyttleton (1818-1889) was the second son of the third Baron Lyttleton and Lady Sarah Spencer, the eldest daughter of the second Earl Spencer; he was therefore a cousin of Mrs. Watson's. Mrs. Lyttleton had taken part in the theatricals at Rockingham.

Tavistock House, London, W.C.
Seventh December, 1857

My Dear Mrs Watson.

I cannot tell you how interested and pleased I have been by the receipt of your letter, or how delightful it is to me to picture

you among those beautiful objects, enjoying the life, change, and movement, you must have so drearily wanted at Rockingham. I had been speaking about you to Georgina, over and over again. She had just been telling me that Mary Boyle had spoken of you as being abroad—I had been saying what a good thing that was—and we had set in for a long train of remembrance, in my room one night, while your letter was making its way to me.

You want an egotistical reply from me, and you shall have it. I have been very busy with the Xmas Number of Household Words, in which I have endeavoured to commemorate the foremost of the great English qualities shewn in India, without laying the scene there, or making any vulgar association with real events or calamities. I believe it is rather a remarkable production, and will make a great noise. I should send it with this, but for the uncertainty of its ever getting to you. It is published today. It is all one story. The Second Chapter by Wilkie Collins ; all the rest of it by me.

It leaves me—as my Art always finds me and always leaves me—the most restless of created Beings. I am the modern embodiment of the old Enchanters, whose Familiars tore them to pieces. I weary of rest, and have no satisfaction but in fatigue. Realities and idealities are always comparing themselves together before me, and I don't like the Realities except when they are unattainable—then, I like them of all things. I wish I had been born in the days of Ogres and Dragon-guarded Castles. I wish an Ogre with seven heads (and no particular evidence of brains in the whole lot of them) had taken the Princess whom I adore—you have no idea how intensely I love her !—to his stronghold on the top of a high series of mountains, and there tied her up by the hair. Nothing would suit me half so well this day, as climbing after her, sword in hand, and either winning her or being killed.—There's a state of mind for you, in 1857.

All last summer I had a transitory satisfaction in rending the very heart out of my body by doing that Richard Wardour part. It was a good thing to have a couple of thousand people all rigid and frozen together, in the palm of one's hand—as at Manchester—and to see the hardened Carpenters at the sides crying and trembling at it night after night. Which reminds me of a pretty little story about it. We engaged for Manchester, a young lady from Kean's Theatre—Miss Maria Ternan—born on the stage, and inured to it from the days when she was the little child in Pizarro. She had been brought to the Gallery of Illustration in town, to see the Play ; and when she came on to me in the morning at Manchester, I said, "Why my dear, how cold your hand is, and what a tremble you are in ! This won't do at night."—"Oh Mr Dickens," she said, "I am so afraid I can't bear it, that I hope you'll be very gentle with me this morning. I cried so much when I saw it, that I have a dread of it, and I don't know what to do." She had to take my head up as I was dying, and to put it in her lap, and give me her face to hold between my two hands. All of which I shewed her elaborately (as Mary had done it before), that morning. When we came to that point at night, her tears fell down my face, down my beard (excuse my mentioning that hateful appendage), down my ragged dress—poured all over me like Rain, so that it was as much as I could do to speak for them. I whispered to her, "My dear child, it will be over in two minutes. Pray compose yourself."—"It's no comfort to me that it will be soon over," she answered. "Oh it is so sad, it is so dreadfully sad. Oh don't die ! Give me time, give me a little time ! Don't take leave of me in this terrible way—

pray, pray, pray ! !" Whereupon Lemon, the softest-hearted of men, began to cry too, and then they all went at it together. I think I never saw such a pretty little genuine emotion in my life. And if you had seen the poor little thing, when the Curtain fell, put in a chair behind it—with her mother and sister taking care of her—and your humble servant drying her eyes and administering Sherry (in Rags so horrible that they would scarcely hold together), and the people in front all blowing their noses, and our own people behind standing about in corners and getting themselves right again, you would have remembered it for a long, long time.

Our Indian boy was at Dum-Dum (which means a school of musketry, some 6 miles from Calcutta) when last heard of, but expected to be sent up the country in a few days. Where or why, I don't know ; for he belongs to the Bengal Army, which is virtually extinct. He likes the country and the life of all things, and is quite happy. My usual fortune of falling in with strange people, attended me, by the bye, when I took him down to Southampton. A very strange fellow got into our Railway Carriage, and took such an immense fancy to me, that I couldn't shake him off. He went out in the same ship—died of delirium tremens, within three days of their leaving Southampton—and had no luggage whatever, with him, but 3 shirts and 240 Sovereigns.

I am going to read, twice this month. On the 15th at Coventry, and on the 22nd at Rochester. On the 19th of January I am going to read at Bristol, and, in April, at Edinburgh. After that, if I bind myself to any more promises, I'll——but I won't forswear myself ; I shall bind myself, I know, in weakly amiable moments.

I hope the badly-stuffed Horse continues to conduct himself as if he were better stuffed ? I have taken to Dogs lately, and, when I am at Gad's Hill, go out attended by tall Prowlers that are the terror of the neighbourhood. Six or eight weeks ago, I performed my celebrated feat of getting out of bed at 2 in the morning, and walking down there from Tavistock House—over 30 miles—through the dead night. I had been very much put-out ; and I thought, " After all, it would be better to be up and doing something, than lying here." So I got up, and did that.

Poor Stafford ! I had seen him pretty often, and had made an engagement with him to go down to Chatham, and talk with some of the poor wounded men from the Crimea, to whom he had been very kind. I believe that he was really beloved among them and had been exceedingly good to them. Inquests may come to contrary conclusions five hundred times over, but I make bold to give my verdict—" Murdered by the Doctor."

There is a legend current here, that to pay the Postage of this letter would be to insure its non-delivery, so I have told my servant not to pay it. Is it egotistical enough ? If not, what do you want ? Kindest loves and remembrances from all. And from no one in the world can they come to you more fervently, my dear Mrs Watson, than from your Ever affectionate friend

Charles Dickens

I am afraid Spencer Lyttelton is not mending his ways.

Dickens started his first reading tour for his own benefit in August, 1858. He gave readings in London on December 24th and 27th. Arthur Smith was his manager.

My Dear Mrs Watson

The Audience are always "dense" in the morning. There is hardly an exception to the rule. Sometimes, in London—not often.

Pray ask for Arthur Smith again, and he will do his best. For he knows how much I love you, and how many old dear remembrances surround you in my mind.

Ever Yours

C.D.

Bedford [Hotel, Brighton]
Saturday Evg 13th Novr 1858.

Mrs. Watson's daughter, Mary Georgiana, married Mr. (later Admiral Sir) Michael Culme-Seymour on October 16th, 1866. His sister, Laura Maria Culme-Seymour, was married to Mrs. Watson's son, George Lewis, on January 1st, 1867. The Christmas number was *Mugby Junction*.

Gad's Hill Place,
Higham by Rochester, Kent
Thursday Eighth November, 1866.

My Dear Mrs Watson

I should have written sooner to congratulate you on your daughter's marriage, but that I have been (and still am) involved in the reading of interminable contributions for the Christmas No. In the midst of which has sprung up too, the horrible discovery of robbery on the part of a person implicitly trusted in, at the office. It has so shocked me, that I have had to walk more than usual before I could walk myself into composure again. However, I have happily done so, and that's all over.

Your account of your son in law is delightful; and it particularly addresses me because my heart always warms towards a sailor. But I was yet in the full glow of it, when I heard from Mary Boyle of George's intended marriage! I half began to doubt whether I had better not wait until all your children were married, before writing. When they begin to go off at this rate, who can say where they will stop!

Indifferent practical authority on the subject as I am, I yet believe I am more interested than most men in marriages of affection and suitability. I most heartily sympathise with you in your natural joy and pride, and most fervently bless the dear old Castle and all in any way belonging to it. The old times there will always bloom in my remembrance, and I never had a friend whom I held higher in my affection and esteem than the gentle spirit never to be dissociated from it in my mind.

I dare say Mary will have told you that I have been working for Christmas (which makes my handwriting thus illegible,) and that towards the middle of January, I purpose entering on a small course of 42 Readings. They seem an immense number, looked at from afar off; but every hill looks higher than it is, before one begins to mount it.

Believe me My Dear Mrs Watson
Always Your Affectionate Friend
Charles Dickens

The Hon: Mrs Watson.

Though the end was swiftly approaching, the friendship and correspondence continued up to Dickens's death in June of 1870. Mrs. Watson lived until February 20th, 1888.

Blackburn
Twentieth April 1869

My Dear Mrs Watson

I don't wonder at the Papers being confused regarding my whereabout, when I am confused myself ! I am in a different place every day, and shall have no rest until after the 12th of June, when I finish for good and all in London.. Your note reaches me here today ; I shall be gone from here before noon tomorrow ; I shall be gone from there (I forget where " there " is), before noon next day ; when I come to London, it will be for but a few hours ; and immediately after reading in town, I shall be away again as fast as an Express can carry me. Nothing would uphold me through such work but the prospect of soon working it out.

Ever Affectionately Yours
Charles Dickens

The Athenæum
Friday Eighth April 1870

My Dear Mrs Watson

With the greatest pleasure I engage myself (and Mary) to you for the Second of May. You cannot too completely make me one of your family party. The dear old Rockingham days are always fresh in my heart

Believe me
Ever Faithfully Yours
Charles Dickens

The Huntington Library also has the originals of many of the published Watson letters, and as usual, they supply many passages deleted by Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens. To try to restore all of these would be tedious and unprofitable, but a few of the more important or characteristic are worth noting. For example, in the fourth paragraph of the letter from Paris, November 27th, 1846 (Nonesuch Edition, I, 814-5), the name omitted from the second sentence is " Cheseborough." The second sentence of the next paragraph should be : " There seems to be immense excitement here on the subject of Cracow, however, and a perfectly stupendous sensation getting up," The next paragraph should be : " The English relations look anything but promising, though I understand that the Count St. Aulaire is to remain in London, notwithstanding the newspaper alarms to the contrary. If there be anything like the sensation in England, about Cracow, that there is here, there will be a bitter resentment indeed. The democratic society of Paris have announced this morning, their intention of printing and circulating fifty thousand copies of an appeal in its behalf, in every European language. It is a base business beyond question, and comes at an ill time." Add also the postscript : " Mrs. Dickens is going to write to Mrs. Watson, next week, she says."

The beginning of the third paragraph in the letter of July 27th, 1848 (Nonesuch, II, 111-2) should read : " Were you ever in Switzerland ? I don't believe I ever was. It is such a dream now. I wonder sometimes whether I ever disputed with a Haldimand—or found it impossible to dispute with a Cerjat, because everybody's opinion was his opinion exactly. Whether I ever drank mulled wine on the top of the Great

St. Bernard, or was jovial at the bottom, with company that have stolen into my affection. Whether I ever was merry and happy in that valley on the Lake of Geneva, or saw you one evening (when I didn't know you) walking down among the green trees outside Elysée, arm in arm with a gentleman in a white hat, who was afterwards shampoo'd at Paris." The next paragraph is: "The other day—two or three weeks back—I saw Spencer Lyttelton on the Birmingham Parkway. He told me, with a perspicuous and lucid manner, which you will easily recall, that you 'were getting too fat, and the doctors were giving you things to make you thin.' I left him standing in the middle of the road at Birmingham, with his hat more off than on, one hand in his pocket, and his great coat hanging over his shoulder like a Red Man's blanket. On the way home again, we encountered once more: and I left him in exactly the same attitude in the midst of enormous Druidical altars of other peoples' luggage, at Euston Square."

It is highly interesting to know that it was Miss Coutts who struggled with the children at the Exhibition, as described in the letter of July 11th, 1851 (Nonesuch, II, 327). The passage should begin: "Miss Coutts took all her schools one day. One school was composed of a hundred 'Infants'—who got among the horses' legs, in crossing to the main entrance from the Kensington Gate, and came walking out from between the wheels of coaches, undisturbed in mind." In the fifth paragraph of the letter dated November 22nd, 1852 (Nonesuch, II, 430-31), read: "Mary Boyle dined with us a little while ago, and Spencer Lyttelton came shortly before her, one Sunday. He seemed to be all wrong with Lord Spencer; and his wasted existence altogether, filled me with a dismal sort of uneasiness . . . Catherine and Georgina send their kindest loves." The first paragraph of the letter of November 1, 1854 (Nonesuch, II, 602-3), should be: "I take upon myself to answer your letter to Catherine, as I am referred to in it." Add, at the end of the second paragraph: "For further particulars of Boulogne, see 'Our French Watering Place' in this present week's Household Words, which contains a faithful portrait of our landlord there." The third sentence of the third paragraph should read: "This in spite of the terrific Puffery of the Crystal Palace: which appears to me, in respect of puffery and pretence, to be the most gigantic Humbug ever mounted on a long-suffering people's shoulders."

By far the most interesting omission, however, is the second paragraph of the letter from Boulogne, September 21st, 1853 (Nonesuch, II, 491-2): "—Skimpole. I must not forget Skimpole—of whom I will now proceed to speak as if I had only read him, and had not written him. I suppose that he is the most exact portrait that ever was painted in words! I have very seldom, if ever, done such a thing. But the likeness is astonishing. I don't think he could possibly be more like himself. It is so awfully true, that I make a bargain with myself 'never to do so, any more.' There is not an atom of exaggeration or suppression. It is an absolute reproduction of a real man. Of course I have been careful to keep the outward figure away from the fact; but in all else it is the Life itself. This in confidential reply to your enquiry." Although Leigh Hunt's name is not mentioned, there can be no doubt that Dickens was referring to him, and with the exception of the name, this is Dickens's most forthright confession that he knew what he had done to Hunt. In the same letter, the fourth paragraph should read: "Preparations were made here, about 6 weeks ago, to receive the Emperor who is not come yet. As they chiefly consisted of triumphal arches made in green boughs which have utterly withered, the town seems to be expressing its loyalty through the extraordinary medium of the leaves. Meanwhile our

countrymen (deluded ever in the first excitement) go about staring at these arrangements, with a personal injury upon them which is most ridiculous. And they will persist in speaking an unknown tongue to the French people, who will speak English to them." The last paragraph should begin: "Kate and Georgina send their kindest loves."

It is a pity that the early editions of Dickens's letters were so carefully expurgated, for often the originals are so different in tone that one's impression of Dickens's character is greatly changed by the reading of the originals. All students of Dickens must be grateful to Mr. Walter Dexter for his additions in the Nonesuch edition, and hope for further restorations of the original texts.

MRS. PECKSNIFF COMES TO LIGHT

By GWEN MAJOR

YOU'RE surprised to hear of me! You thought there was "no sich a person," I'll be bound.

Mr. Dickens didn't know everything—he just states that Mr. Pecksniff was a widower—not a word of me anywhere in the Book. He was so intent on depicting a hypocrite that I wonder he even remembered our daughters. Still, they had their part to play in the story—I'd played mine, I suppose. So I *kept* out of it—I wasn't going to be whitewashed, patronised and contorted.

Still, Mr. Dickens was always one for the ladies—if he made what he did of Mr. Pecksniff, what would he have made of me as a leading character in that Book? But I paid him out for leaving me behind—I lost him a Masterpiece in Woman!

One thing Mr. Dickens always allowed in my husband—he always stressed that he was a Moral Man. He was; we both were! We had our differences and treated them in a highly moral way. No Sunday-paper-Life-Story for us! Not that there were such papers then, but the principle's the same.

If I say I *disagreed* with Mr. Pecksniff you may *not* be surprised. If I say I had the better of him—you *may*.

Well, I had! My Pa was well off; he made his pile in salted fish, and, as I used to think, pickled the proceeds. The proceeds rose, higher than the fish!

I looked round for a good match when I left the Seminary and "came out" and I struck it, in a manner of speaking, in Mr. Pecksniff, the rising architect. He was surrounded with drawings in those days, too. There was constant talk about "Perspective" and "Vanishing Points"—and that is what it all was! We were married and I came down to earth in good earnest. After much skirmishing, we agreed to part.

My Pa was a widower; he wanted a housekeeper, so we came to an arrangement and I moved back to Pa's house outside Salisbury. I went to him at no cost to Mr. Pecksniff, quite the contrary. How did you think he kept going all those years? Not on his pupils, nor on his precious plans. It was the price of my Liberty.

Mr. Pecksniff and our daughters moved to the house in which you met him. I knew they'd manage well enough for him, and with the eldest so sour and youngest so childish, I felt that Rifts would have come anyway. My daughters visited me now and then, and that was all—but I knew all that was a-foot!

If you want a picture of me before Mr. Pecksniff blighted my youth, see Merry ; for what I became, see Cherry. For what my natural sense of family pride made me at last—see me now !

There were moments when I all but revoked and went to regain the reins and my rightful place, but that would have meant going off the Gold Standard, as you would say now, not to mention embroiling myself in the Chuzzlewit stew which Mr. Dickens so curiously concentrates upon, ignoring the solid worth of my family connections, which kept Mr. Pecksniff afloat.

The first time I nearly re-appeared was when I scented out a nice little bit of scandal.

What Mrs. Todgers was thinking of I can't say ; heaven knows her lodgers ought to have been enough for her, even if *her* bit of married trouble hadn't been tucked away out of sight.

But no—Mr. P's Far-Perspective look and oiled insolence errupted her toady nature, and only a timely warning from me brought her back to earth—and gravy.

The next time was when my silly youngest tripped out of childhood into bondage, for she had not the cards, as I'd had, to win the final trick. She had to play it out in tragedy, and only a doltish Image like Pecksniff would have let it happen at all.

The last time was when Mr. Pecksniff himself came on a day of reckoning. I could have been the chief witness for the Prosecution, and couldn't for being chief mourner over his degradation.

Mr. Dickens seems to have had a thorough spite against my husband, for he commences his story by telling how Charity attended with vinegar and brown paper to his " knobbly parts," and ends with the knobbly stick with which Martin Chuzzlewit Senior attacked them. That sort of thing pulls at a woman's heart. Seth Pecksniff was all that he was shown to be in hypocritical pretences, but the worm in adversity who does not turn and strike has something pitiable about him.

Still, I too thought of all the airy edifices he'd built, without a single brick, halfpenny, or even in poetic fancy, and I left him, all but left him, to want in his latter days of drunken penury.

I was the first in Sylvia Pankhurst's movement, and I've left my money to the Hottentots they seem as deserving an object as any other, for I don't know anything about them, and when I really am dead, shall care no more where my money goes than they will where it comes from. Charity I brushed from my path, but Mercy had her crumbs, I saw to that.

I'd like to make a comment or two before I sink once more into oblivion.

Don't I strike you as being the right sort of person to have married Martin Chuzzlewit in the end ? Wouldn't it have given the tale a good twist ?

And Mark Tapley—I've a rod in pickle there : he's actually started to cheer himself up by " working " on me—*ME* !

And I'll thank Mrs. Lupin to keep her soups and " charity " to herself ; I can *buy* all I want, and get it too, if I *am* a shaky old woman, without *her* patronage, now she's set up house for herself.

Sometimes, sitting by the fire, I take down the framed locket I still keep of a small boy in bib and tie-ups, one lock of hair standing upright from his forehead, and I say : " My Seth, as he was at 5 years of age," and I grow sentimental " my Seth to the life ! " But I remember that lock in later life, and pull myself together !

As I said in the beginning—Mr. Dickens missed a great character when he forgot to look me up. I cannot really die, I never really lived, so I simply fade away.

THE DICKENS DIETARY

By T. W. HILL

V—COOKERY AND COOKS

Introductory

"Choo a choo a choo tooth,
Muntch, muntch. Nycey!
Choo a choo a choo tooth,
Muntch, muntch. Nycey!"
*Savages' Evening Hymn.**

IN my previous articles on the subject of food I have dealt with meals and menus; it is time to see how Dickens treats the preparation and cookery of comestibles, a theme on which he showed himself to have more than a superficial knowledge. One reason why his characters are so credible is that he pictures them occupied in ordinary affairs. The preparation and consumption of food becomes necessary as well to their as to our survival, and I propose to consider this important subject, from the purchase of the viands, through the processes of cookery, till they appear on the table ready for consumption. Some overlapping both within the scope of this article and with regard to previous articles may occur, but this will be avoided so far as is possible.

* * * * *

"In the name of heaven," said my great-aunt Betsey, "why cookery?"

"Do you mean the food, ma'am?" asked my mother.

"Why cookery?" repeated my aunt. "Rookery might have been more to the purpose for two such impracticable babies."

"The name was my husband's choice," returned my mother; "when he provided the food he liked to think there would be cooks about."

Of course my great-aunt Betsey never asked anything like that, and indeed I had no great-aunt Betsey, but the words seemed so applicable (with a little liberty taken) that I cannot refrain from opening thus.

I—Salads and Etceteras

There are two or three matters that must be cleared away to begin with, although I suppose that, strictly speaking, they should be included in cookery in its widest sense, but it will save a lot of repetition and much quotation to summarise them and have done with them.

One is hot buttered toast, which has already been treated with sufficient fulness. Then there is the vexed question as to whether the concocting of a salad is true cookery. In case it is I include it, premising that Dickens loved salads and that his favourite adjective for a salad was "nice cool" (probably very acceptable to one of his own ardent temperament). How he relishes, almost as if he were tasting it, the description of a "crisp lettuce leaf or a stick of celery." How David Copperfield detested Red Whisker at Dora's picnic, for pretending he could make a salad (which he didn't believe) and then got the young ladies to do it for him; Varden's welcome home for Dolly and Joe Willet included a juicy ham with cool green lettuce leaves and fragrant cucumber; and the Wilfers' dinner of cold neck of mutton was accompanied by a salad made by Bella from one lettuce; the American salad (rather unattractive to English palates) of "slices of beetroot, shreds of dried beef, complicated with entanglements of yellow pickles, maize,

* Translation into English by Lieut.-Col. Robin Redforth (aged nine): "For what we are going to receive, etc."

Indian corn, apple sauce and pumpkin" ; and the lobster salad for which, according to Hugh of the Maypole, the clergyman at Newgate was famous. Of course, if you want a full recipe you cannot do better than apply to the greengrocer who sold the twopenny salad (without the cowcumber) to Mrs. Prig.

Another matter to be passed over quickly is the infusion of tea and coffee. This, like toast, received our attention in a former article, so I leave it with only the reminder that it was quite a usual custom for the tea to be made at the table ; Miss Tox put in the pot, in accordance with tradition, "one little silver scoop-ful of that herb on behalf of Miss Tox and one little silver scoop-ful on behalf of the teapot," and then poured in the water ; "Agnes Wickfield made the tea and presided over it" ; "the elder Miss Pecksniff sat down to make the tea" ; Flora Finching "turned on the urn in the most reckless manner making herself wink by splashing hot water into her eyes as she bent down to look into the teapot" ; Mrs. Sparsit made Mr. Bounderby's tea as he took his breakfast ; Stephen Blackpool set out his little tea-board, got hot water from downstairs, and Rachael made the tea. But I need not multiply instances ; enough has been said to justify the omission of any further mention.

Another matter that should be touched upon is the results of cookery of which we have no actual account, especially of cold meat—it is not always specified what meat is meant—which many of Dickens's characters seem to enjoy very much. In most cases we can only draw a conclusion. One can, of course, infer with fair accuracy who cooked the cold round of beef placed in front of Tony Weller at an inn, or the cold collation that confronted John Browdie at the Saracen's Head, and perhaps the preparation for Paul Dombey's Christening Party that looked like a dead dinner lying in state. Mrs. Nubbles must have found time in the midst of her ironing to cook the meat that Kit had cold for his supper, unless she bought a few slices from a cook's-shop, although this seems unlikely in view of her poverty.

A few words are demanded by the provender that appears on the table without any real clue as to where it has been cooked. An example of what I mean is Doctor Marigold's spread for Sophy's wedding breakfast in the Library cart : pigeon pie, a leg of pickled pork, a pair of fowls, and suitable garden stuff. Did the Cheap Jack cook all this ? We know he could cook and shall refer to this later.

A final matter for preliminary mention is the old custom prevalent in the nineteenth century of sending the poultry or joint (very often with a pudding and potatoes beneath it in a "parting-dish") to the bakehouse. This custom was probably due to the number of small houses inhabited by large families. Cookery in these conditions would be a tax on the resources of a small fire or a tiny range in the small kitchen which was also used as a living-room. The Sunday joint therefore went to the bakehouse. "Miss Rugg with her own hands stuffed a leg of mutton with oysters for the occasion and sent it to the baker's;" the bread-and butter pudding she could manage to bake at home. Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose which they had recognised for their own by its smell as they passed the baker's on their way home from church. I well remember in my young days at Richmond seeing a regular procession of people carrying home their Sunday joints, each with an identity label but discreetly covered with a clean cloth, and sometimes the father might keep the family waiting while he called somewhere "to see the time." The usual practice was to cook the vegetables at home and we know that "Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the potatoes" and afterwards with indefatigable valour mashed them while his mother made the gravy, Belinda sweetened the apple-sauce and Martha dusted the plates, the

pudding all this time boiling in the copper. If the bakehouse was not available the strain on the home might be severe, as in the case of the ornamental painter and decorator's journeyman's wedding dinner, to which Miss Amelia Martin, the mistaken milliner who had aspirations as a professional singer, was invited, on a Monday. "The bridesmaids sat in the front parlour to receive the company, ran into the little washhouse to see how the pudding and boiled pork were getting on in the copper, and then popped back into the parlour."

And while we are on this topic of cramped quarters for household work, see what can be accomplished with inadequate means. Mrs. Kenwigs, on the celebration of her wedding anniversary, assured her visitors that the supper was cooking "at the back-parlour grate at that moment"; the result of her efforts was little short of miraculous, for there appeared on the table a pair of boiled fowls, a large piece of pork, apple-pie, potatoes and greens. How *was* it all contrived at the back-parlour grate, when we recall that Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs and four children, being folks of some consideration in that tenement house, occupied the whole of the first floor, comprising a suite of two rooms?

II—Kitchen Equipment

The subject of cookery in Dickens's books occupies so large a stage that it will be necessary to study it in sections, and I will start with the utensils used in the art—or is it a science? Such an apartment as a well-fitted kitchen or a *batterie de cuisine* was apparently beyond the wildest dreams of a Dickens household (we do not know anything of the downstairs arrangements of houses like those of Dombey or Merdle). The nearest approach to anything like a complete outfit is that of the Single Gentleman's *multum in parvo*, of which he boasted to Dick Swiveller: "kind of temple shining as of polished silver . . . into one little chamber of this temple he dropped an egg; into another some coffee; into a third a compact piece of raw steak from a neat tin case; into a fourth he poured some water. Then with the aid of a phosphorus box and some matches he procured a light and applied it to a spirit-lamp which had a place of its own below the temple; then he shut down the lids of all the little chambers; then he opened them; and then by some wonderful and unseen agency, the steak was done, the egg was boiled, and the coffee was accurately prepared, and his breakfast was ready," and very handy and compact too.

Other than this contrivance we are afforded only glimpses of odds and ends of cooking apparatus. All of these that I have found follow, but not in any sort of preconceived plan. There was the *frying-pan* in which Mrs. Wilfer cooked the veal cutlet and ham brought home by Rumty; and the one Mrs. Lupin used to poach the eggs—not, you observe, a proper egg-poacher; and that in which Cap'en Cuttle had sausages hissing and bubbling. Next we notice a *gridiron* for Mrs. Lupin to cook her sheets of ham; one for Mr. Micawber to "devil" the slices of underdone mutton; one for Little Dorrit to warm the meat for the Father of the Marshalsea.

Saucepans loom large in the Dickens world, as, indeed, they do in every household. Old Fagin boiled the coffee for breakfast in a saucepan (the sort of thing he would do instead of using the proper utensil); Mrs. Mell was jealous of the saucepan in which she boiled David's egg. Dickens had a penchant for a *little saucepan* and in all his books manages to find a use for a little saucepan. I can only give one or two out of dozens of instances. Mrs. Micawber used one to stir the mushroom ketchup; Mrs. Bardell used one for her pettitoes; Scrooge used one for his gruel on Christmas Eve; Cap'en Cuttle made the egg-sauce in one while another held the hot gravy and a third the potatoes; Mrs.

Bedwin from a little saucepan provided Oliver with enough strong broth for at least three hundred and fifty paupers (by workhouse standards). And I think that will be sufficient for my purpose.

There was in Dr. Jeddler's kitchen a *roasting-jack* that performed a low monotonous waltzing accompanied by a dreadful click. That was of course one of those jacks that have a clockwork inside requiring winding. Not so the *spit* from which depended those marvels of toughness that had to be kept turning by Woolwich instructed by Mr. Bagnet on the Old Girl's Birthday. Nor the one which Bella Wilfer twirled so furiously to the detriment of the fowls. Cap'en Cuttle used a piece of string to roast the fowls that he was so assiduous in basting for the dinner that Florence was too upset to eat.

When Ruth Pinch made her world-famous steak pudding she used *pie-board*, a *jug* for water, a *pudding-basin*, and a *rolling-pin*, and the last-named article is named—named only—in the furniture of the Haunted House.

At the Jolly Sandboys that wonderful stew which has been noted in a previous article was cooked in a *cauldron*, before being turned out into a large *tureen*.

"When in doubt take the trick," so I venture to include in the series of utensils the "patent-never-leavin'-off *sassage steam engine* as 'ud swaller up a pavin'-stone if you put it too near," and indeed on one occasion included "trousers-buttons as seasonin'."

The *salamander* was strongly recommended by Bella's copy of the Complete British Family Housewife, but the only other occasion on which it is mentioned is when we are told that in the kitchen of the Haunted House "there was no rolling-pin, there was no salamander (which failed to surprise me for I don't know what it is)."

Mr. Inspector knew that at the Jolly Fellowship Porters they had a *funnel-shaped tin* for spicing ale and burning sherry.

In the Down Platform Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction there was a portentious metallic object so useful that at times it was a *tea-urn* and at times a *soup-tureen* according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents, which are the same ground-work.

When Mrs. Clennam had roast partridge in her invalid chamber, the beef for the dining room was cooked in a *baking dish* and I suppose it was what was called a parting-dish, probably finished in dark brown enamel with blobs of yellow like huge commas round the edge.

In Miss Tox's crowded little room the article first mentioned is "a *plate-warmer* always languishing and sprawling its four attenuated bow-legs in somebody's way."

I have almost forgotten to mention the *toasting-fork* as essential for making toast unless you can make shift with a hook as Cap'en Cuttle did, or for manipulating sausages in a frying-pan—a Jewish method as practised in Field Lane.

At the hotel at Dijon, where Edith Dombey awaited Carker, one of the courses of the dinner that neither of them was to eat was in a *chafing-dish* on the floor—an unusual arrangement.

Finally there is the *Dutch oven*, now in these days of slow combustion stoves, low grates, and register-stoves and electric or gas cooking, fallen almost into disuse. But Mrs. Bardell found it very satisfactory for toasting cheese and so did Major Jackman to do his own thin slices of bacon.

I must find room to note in passing that the doll's outfit in the Holiday Romance included silver teaspoons as large as the kitchen poker and a watch bigger than the frying-pan.

A *pin* can hardly be called a cooking utensil perhaps, but it has its uses as Sam Weller knew: "Allow me to express a hope as you won't reduce me to extremities, in saying vich I merely quote wot the noble-

man said to the fractious penny-winkle ven he vouldn't come out of his shell by means of a pin, and he conseqvently began to be afeard that he should be obliged to crack him in the parlour door."

III—Shopping or Marketing

Before you can cook food you must buy it, so I propose to show how Dickens's characters went shopping. The best instance is Miss Pross in a land of whose language she was not only completely ignorant but was insularly determined to remain so. She would plump a noun substantive at the head of a shopkeeper and if it happened not to be the article she wanted, look round for that thing, lay hold on to it until the bargain was concluded. She always made a bargain by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant held up, whatever his number might be. Then we have the evidence that the Dodo was not prepared for visitors at short notice, as one guest beheld the waiter returning from a hurried shopping expedition with a sole for the guest's dinner wrapped in a piece of paper.

When the Wilfer family had, in honour of Bella's visit, canvassed the relative merits of veal cutlet, sweetbread, and lobster, the cutlet was decided upon, and Pa had to go to make the purchase, coming back with it in a fresh cabbage-leaf, coyly embraced by a rasher of ham. Ruth's shopping is a delight in itself: eggs, flour and such small matters, but especially the steak. "To see the butcher slap the steak before he laid it on the block and give the knife a sharpening . . . to see him cut it off so smooth and juicy. There was nothing savage in the act although the knife was large and keen; it was a piece of art, high art; there was delicacy of touch, clearness of tone, skilful handling of the subject, fine shading. It was the triumph of mind over matter, quite." [My own butcher would have said: "There, mum, that'll eat beautiful."] ". . . the greenest cabbage-leaf ever grown in a garden was wrapped about this steak . . . when he saw Tom putting the cabbage-leaf into his pocket awkwardly he begged to be allowed to do it for him, for meat, he said with some emotion, 'must be humoured not drove.'"

After such a loving account it seems prosaic to mention the bare fact that David Copperfield "provided" (without particularising his shopping expedition) "a pair of soles, a small leg of mutton" for Mrs. Crupp to cook. Even more prosaic was the blind man Stagg's shopping for the broth and soup that he retailed at the area-head, for it was made of "such scraps as were to be bought in the heap for the least money at Fleet Market in the evening-time." Details are lacking about Mr. Perch's shopping when he purchased the veal-cutlet on his way home as a treat for Mrs. Perch to celebrate (if that be the right word) the death of Little Paul Dombey.

Wemmick had an ingenious method of marketing, even if it were not quite original. "I've got for supper a stewed steak which is of home preparation, and a cold roast fowl which is from the cook's shop. I think it is tender because the master of the shop was a juryman in some cases of ours the other day and we let him down easy. He said: 'Let me make you a present of the best fowl in the shop.' I let him, of course."

It won't do to omit mention of King Watkins the First who did his own marketing on his way to the office; he stopped at the fishmonger's to buy a pound-and-a-half of salmon not too near the tail, which the Queen (who was a careful housekeeper) had requested him to have sent home.

Shopping by proxy, as many of us know, is usually a thankless job, but there is one case where it fell out exactly as it was intended and

was highly satisfactory. When Scrooge saw the boy in his Sunday clothes on Christmas morning and sent him to the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner, for the big prize turkey—not the little one—he was so pleased when he paid the man who brought it to the door that he patted it with his hand and chuckled for the first recorded time in his life.

I don't call buying ready-cooked food from a baker's or a pastry-cook's genuine shopping for cookery.

IV—Cookery Guides

Now that we can assume the shopping to be done, we can approach that part of the house devoted to the preparation of food ; I mean, of course, the kitchen, but before violating those sacred precincts there are certain preparatory processes that claim attention. You remember Caddy Turveydrop's modest claim to ability as a housekeeper, for her newly-wedded husband Prince, for her father-in-law the embodiment of Deportment, who lived *with* them and *on* them, and for her lodger Miss Flite ; " I make Miss Flite's cup of coffee (of course she taught me) and I have learnt to make it so well that Prince says it's the very best coffee he ever tasted and would quite delight old Mr. Turveydrop, who is very particular indeed about his coffee. I can make little puddings too, and I know how to buy neck of mutton, and tea, and sugar, and butter, and a good many housekeeping things."

Some housewives depend on the power of the printed word and so we find Bella Rokesmith, or Harmon, in the midst of " such weighing and mixing and chopping and grating . . . referring to a sage volume entitled The Complete British Family Housewife like some perplexed enchantress poring over the Black Art : ' Take a salamander ' or ' throw in a handful of . . . ' " I ought to say, in parenthesis, that cooks should always follow the advice given, to the letter, and that many of them don't.

David Copperfield tried to improve Dora's lack of talent by buying for her a guide to cookery, but he had to do the consulting himself. He says : " In search of the principle on which joints ought to be roasted, to be roasted enough and not too much, I myself referred to the Cookery Book and found it there established as the allowance of a quarter-of-an-hour to every pound and say a quarter over. But the principle always failed us by some curious fatality, and we never could hit any medium between redness and cinders."

The only other mention of a cookery book is an indirect one in the *Uncommercial Traveller* : " A forlorn old fly-blown bill of fare in his hand which the waiter had given him, and which was a sort of general manuscript index to any cookery book you pleased."

V—The Cook at Work

Now, having taken stock of our cooking apparatus and reviewed the art of shopping we can enter the kitchen and start work. In *Somebody's Luggage* it is stated : " Cooking and Incompatibility will mostly be found united," and yet it is an interesting reflection that practically all the examples of cooks in Dickens's works are usually quite good-tempered, although in real life many cooks get " hot and bothered " if they are interrupted in their important and exacting duties.

We all know that the placid Mrs. Bagnet's principal occupation was washing greens and it is pleasant to recall that on board the " Screw " Mark Tapley, the most good-humoured of men, made himself at home with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves turned up to his elbows, doing all kinds of culinary offices ; compounding the strangest dishes ; recognised by every one as an established authority.

Here is a more detailed description of kitchen work, and very practical it is considering that the distinguished authoress, Miss Alice Rainbird, was only seven years old: "Princess Alicia was beginning to peel the turnips for the broth . . . said to the seventeen princes and princesses . . . 'be good and you shall all be cooks." So she gave to one the salt box, and to one she gave the barley, and to one she gave the herbs, and to one she gave the turnips, and to one she gave the carrots, and to one she gave the onions, and to one she gave the spice-box . . . by and by the broth was done . . . Princess Alicia turning out the broth steaming beautifully and smelling like a nosegay good to eat."

The two Miss Ivinses poked bits of lighted brown paper between the bars under the kettle to make the water boil; a heartbreaking proceeding. How they must have wished they had Mrs. Lupin's knack of getting the fire to burn "clear and red."

Mrs. Todgers's temper was "tried by commercial gentlemen and gravy." Not that Mrs. Todgers ever exhibited real incompatibility; she was too capable a cook for that, but she did know how important it is to keep a boarder in a good humour, and what an important factor is gravy in a good dinner, even if it is not the genuine extract from the joint but only a "made gravy of a pale flaxen colour." Still, Mrs. Todgers did look "a little worn by cares of gravy and other such solicitudes arising out of her establishment." No wonder, for she had "slipped in and out at least twenty times to see about the boiled beef, roast veal, bacon, pies, and abundance of such heavy vegetables as are favourably known to housekeepers for their satisfying qualities." Nevertheless she found time to prepare an exclusive veal cutlet for the Miss Pecksniffs, no doubt cut off the joint of veal in the main dinner.

An outstanding example of imperturbability is Miss Pross about whom I have already said something. She acquitted herself marvellously. Her dinners were so well cooked and so well served and so neat in their contrivances, half English and half French. She ravaged Soho in search of impoverished French who would impart culinary mysteries to her. Daughters of Gaul who formed her staff would send out for a fowl, a rabbit, a vegetable or two and change them into anything she pleased. Another imperturbable is Clemency Newcome, whose activities were marked by various appetising dishes. The sound of the clatter of plates and dishes, the hissing of the frying-pan, the bubbling of sauce-pans, the low monotonous waltzing of the jack, with a dreadful click every now and then as if it had met with some mortal accident to its head in a fit of giddiness, and all the other preparations.

The attractive sounds from the back regions added to other trials of Gabriel Varden's fast-melting resolution not to stop at the Maypole. There stole upon him from the distant kitchen a gentle sound of frying with a musical clatter of plates and dishes and a savoury smell that made even the boisterous wind a perfume. No wonder Gabriel's firmness oozed rapidly away.

We should like the curtain lifted a little more on the occasion when Esther Summerson visited the newly-married Carstones. All we are told is that "it was a very plain dinner and Ada and Richard were for some minutes both out of the room together, helping to get ready what we were to eat and drink." When a husband and wife try together to cook a meal the best place for the husband is somewhere not in the kitchen, and I am wondering what such an inconstant and vacillating character as Richard, however optimistic, could possibly do to help. There are occasions where such joint labour may be followed by good results as in the Peerybingle ménage. Dot went to work and in a very short space of time was up to her dimpled elbows in flour, whitening the carrier's coat every time he came near her by stopping

him to give him a kiss. That good fellow washed the greens and peeled the turnips and broke the plates, and upset iron pots full of cold water on the fire and made himself useful in all sorts of ways.

I have already referred to that fraud and sycophant Mrs. Crupp and her busyness (purposely spelt that way) which was manifested by the fact that after frying the soles she was taken ill (probably an attack of spazzums). The leg of mutton came up very red within and very pale without, besides having a foreign substance of a gritty nature sprinkled over it as if it had fallen into the ashes, the pigeon-pie was not bad, but it was a delusive pie, the crust being like a disappointing head, phrenologically speaking, full of lumps and bumps with nothing particular underneath. On another occasion, having obtained all the solids from the cook's shop Mrs. Crupp was at full liberty to concentrate her mind on the potatoes, but history does not say how she got on. One feels instinctively that Mrs. Crupp was not to be trusted in spite of her truckling: "would you be persuaded to try a new-laid hegg? or should I brile a rasher? Ain't there nothing I could do for your dear aunt Mister Copperfull?" No, thank you, Mrs. Crupp!

Work in the kitchen is very exacting and needs concentration (as Mrs. Crupp knew in theory) as well as care (as Mrs. Crupp may have known) or you may get the criticism, not to say the bad temper, of the gentleman in the American Canal Boat when the waiter presented him with a plate of underdone roast beef – "whether he called *that* fixing God A'mighty's vittles." [For the benefit of the uninitiated I should add that "wheat bread and chicken *fixings*" are preferable to "corn bread and common *doings*," i.e. pork and onions.]

One can easily do a good deed to death, and it is not necessary to be quite so like a hen with one chick as was Mrs. Mell: she seemed to think of nothing but the fire . . . and was screening it as if she were sedulously keeping it warm, watching it boil David's egg.

In fairness to the cook one should be punctual to meals or they may be spoilt. "You must have the jelly I had ready for you," said Mrs. Tope to Mr. Grewgious, "and you must have a wing of the roast fowl that has been put back twenty times if it's been put back once." Really that wing must have become quite tasteless; not that an angular man like Mr. Grewgious would be likely to grumble, but I do call attention to the technical but homely "put back," as Dickens uses it again when Dombey and his wife return from their honeymoon, which was delayed and the dinner had to be "put back" twice.

It is not very often that small households are called upon to cook shellfish, so this glimpse is interesting: 'Mr. Peggotty took two prodigious lobsters and an enormous crab and a large canvas bag of shrimps out of his pocket . . . 'the old Mawther biled 'em, she did. Mrs. Gummidge biled 'em.' So for once she was not thinkin' of the old 'un.

The interior of an American kitchen must have been worth attention a century ago, but perhaps it would take away one's appetite to see what is not described: "the principal dish at breakfast was a deformed beef-steak with a great flat bone in the centre swimming in hot butter and sprinkled with the very blackest of all possible peppers." Cleanliness in the kitchen is the highest of all the virtues, and therefore when Mrs. MacStinger, for once in a charming temper – mild and placid as a house-lamb – "inquired if she could cook him nothing for his dinner; a nice small kidney-pudding now . . . or a sheep's heart, a roast fowl with a bit of weal stuffin' and some egg sauce . . . give yourself a little treat," Cap'en Cuttle should have jumped at the chance. But he didn't; perhaps he had a sort of kind of suspicion that the food *might* taste of soap or soda and that there *might* possibly be stray threads

of house-flannel in it ; and in any case his mental anxieties had robbed him of all desire for food.

I now come to an incident which all my readers have, I am sure, been waiting for and wondering if I have forgotten. I mean, of course, Ruth Pinch's pudding, the steak for which we saw purchased a few pages back. She worked on the parlour table, as their quarters were restricted, with her brother writing on one corner of it. He deserved to be smothered with flour-dust and I daresay he was when she clapped her hands. " Don't you wonder why I butter the inside of the basin ? How do you think it would turn out easily when it was done ? " Such a busy little woman kneading away at the crust, rolling it out, cutting it up into strips, lining the basin with it, shaving it off fine round the rim, chopping up the steak into small pieces, packing them into the basin, pouring in cold water for gravy, until at last the basin geing quite full and only wanting the top crust, she clapped her hands, all covered with paste and flour, returned to the composition of the top crust and finished the job. The success of that initiative dish was so entire, so unalloyed and perfect that she must have been studying the art in secret for a long time. Both she and her brother were very happy and are a conclusive proof that " cooking and incompatibility " are not always united.

If Ruth may be reckoned famous for her pudding we must not forget that little company who dined off a beefsteak which was one of the things for which Peggotty was famous, but in this case the process of its preparation is not given as Peggotty had had much experience whereas Ruth was entirely new to the job.

We must not lose sight of the fact that the enumeration of dishes in a menu or the description of a meal presupposes the existence of a cook in the obscurer parts of a house, or an inn, and as many of these meals have already been noticed in the course of these articles, they need not trouble us here, except to give as an example of my meaning that Mr. Jaggers's servant Molly was no mean cook to be able to produce " a noble dish of fish (does this mean a dish of noble fish ?) a joint of equally choice mutton afterwards and then an equally choice bird." We may be assured that the unmentioned accompaniments to these desirable viands were on an appropriate scale. May I add the further observation that nearly always the food associated with Dickens characters is fish, flesh or fowl, and only very rarely is there any detail of soup, vegetables, or the sweet course, unless it is a pudding of some sort, and of these the selection is very limited. As for entrées, removes and other more or less fancy dishes, they go quite unnoticed except in houses like Dombey's or Podsnap's, and even there they are dismissed with a sort of general mention. We hear little of pies, pastries, cooked or preserved fruits, custard, and almost nothing of home-made cakes.

An example of kitchen work conducted in a kind of public way may fitly close this section ; similar exhibitions were not at all uncommon as recently as twenty-five or thirty years ago and indeed may have survived to the present day in certain parts of any large town. " A dirty shop window . . . which was almost opaque by the steam of hot meats, vegetables and puddings. But glimpses were to be caught of a roast leg of pork bursting into tears of sage and onion in a metal reservoir full of gravy, of an unctuous piece of roast beef and blisterous Yorkshire pudding bubbling hot in a similar receptacle, of a stuffed fillet of veal in rapid cut, of a ham in a perspiration with the pace it was going at, of a shallow tank of baked potatoes glued together by their own richness, of a truss or two of boiled greens and other substantial delicacies."

(To be concluded)

THE DICKENS RENAISSANCE*

By J. H. McNULTY

"Shadows of the things that maybe."—*A Christmas Carol.*

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," wrote an ancient and now almost forgotten poet, and the words are as true of books as of men. It was an instance of taking advantage of the turn of the tide that led to the revival of Dickens's fame and the resuscitation of the Dickens Fellowship. Before attempting to tell the story, a few words must be said about the state of literature which led to the revival of interest in the great Victorian novelist.

During the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this, say roughly about 1970 to 2000, the state of the literary world was by no means healthy. It should be remembered that for some years the number of readers had been gradually decreasing. The growth of mechanical devices, Radio and Television, had produced a race of persons who were too lazy to read. Whatever education or knowledge of literature these people possessed they obtained from listening-in, and not from reading books themselves. Some authors took advantage of this and gave broadcast versions of their books. The prevailing tone of literature also was deplorable, it was one of cynicism, and of a hardness approaching brutality. Verse had become so free as to be almost indistinguishable from prose except by its greater formlessness. A number of movements attacked all the canons of decent writing, and lawlessness and the cult of ugliness threatened to destroy every standard of beauty and reason. Super-realism, Ephemeralism, were invented and passed away in quick succession. The most extraordinary of these art movements was "Invisibilism" in which the artist's work was reduced to a minimum, and the maximum left to the spectator's or reader's imagination, the ideal being where the artistic production was so vague and indeterminate as to approach invisibility. When, however, an artist gave an exhibition of his pictures consisting chiefly of empty frames, it was thought that he had gone too far; when a writer produced a novel of which one chapter consisted of mere scribbles to represent the period the hero spent in a mental home, and another composed entirely of blank pages, with the heading, "During this time nothing of importance happened," it was felt that this was scarcely fair to his readers. Some even said that the novelist had better follow his hero to the mental home, but these were only the ordinary readers. A wit expressed their feelings by saying, "a book must be written in order to be read."

There was, of course, a number of cheap manuals for the half-educated, and short stories and thrillers, with no pretentions to literary style, for those who read solely for amusement. Apart from these, a few authors were strong enough to withstand the onslaught on rational writing and retain their sanity amidst a distracted world. Among these was a writer, who wrote under the name, real or assumed, of L. T. Acti. There had always been an element of surprise in his work, his readers never knew what to expect; a novel would be followed by a scientific treatise, a volume of verse or a play by a book on Statistics. When early in 2010 he announced that it was his intention to retire from active work and to take a long rest at his country residence, few of his readers believed him; and the announcement was taken as a prelude to another surprise the nature of which no one could guess. Those who held this view were right, but the surprise was greater than anyone could have expected.

* From *The New Dickensian*, September 2054.

The new book was called "The Disinterment of Dickens," or "The Past's Message to the Present." It was an enthusiastic appreciation of the forgotten Victorian novelist. "Some will say," wrote the author, "'what is the use of old books?' but what is that to the purpose if they are new to their readers? or 'What can the past teach us?' My answer is we have much to learn from the past. We have ancient scandals under fresh disguises, old vices under new names, but the founts of tears and laughter are the same and the heart of man remains unchanged."

The book came at an opportune moment when the public were really getting hungry for good literature.

It was generally well received on account of the author's reputation, though some novelists fearing for the circulation of their own books attempted a reply to this praise of a dead author's work. To do this effectively it was necessary to read Dickens, and this could not be done in a moment, and many months would have to elapse before such a reply could be forthcoming. Some publishers, too, held this opinion, but others took a different view. They saw that if the book succeeded in awakening public interest in Dickens, the publishers who could first bring out a good and cheap edition of the novels might reap a golden harvest. This was not such an easy matter as it would be to-day. The paper shortage which occurred about the middle of the last century had produced high prices for that necessary commodity. The Libraries had not been slow in taking advantage of the boom and cleared their shelves of all unread books. There was a twofold advantage in this clearance, funds were obtained for the purchase of new books, and shelf space provided for their reception. Among the discarded volumes were the writings of Dickens, though he was by no means the only victim. It was thought at the time that this was a wise move and the new books a great improvement on the old discarded volumes; to-day many would doubt this, and some would violently assert that it was an act of almost unparalleled vandalism. Copies of Dickens's works existed in private libraries, but the possessors of these were not at all disposed to lend or sell their copies to the publishers.

It was here that the Dickens Fellowship had its great chance. Its membership had dwindled considerably, and though no exact figures are available, the number of members was probably not above a hundred. Most of the Branches had ceased to function. The Headquarters of the Fellowship were housed in a little room in an obscure back street in London. The Dickens House had fallen into a terrible state of dilapidation and was demolished in 1980. It had become a terrible eyesore and a blot on the new London. There had been a hope among a few old-fashioned people of saving the house, but no funds were available. A public subscription would certainly have failed, for opinion was all in favour of new buildings and against the preservation of old ones. Many regret this opinion which was responsible for the destruction of much that would to-day be loved and valued. After some arguments and delay a few active persons, who still read the great novelist, obtained permission to place a small plaque, at their own expense, on the building which occupied the site of 48 Doughty Street. *The Dickensian* had ceased publication five years earlier in 1975.

The activities of the Fellowship were now limited to the Birthday Dinner and the Annual General Meeting. If more than a dozen persons were present at either of these functions it was considered a great success. The Birthday Dinner was still held on 7th February, though, of course, the introduction of the Reformed Calendar placed the real date of the anniversary three days later. We have now thirteen equal months of twenty-eight days each with an extra day at the end of December, but in the old Calendar this was not so. January then

had thirty-one days and when these were reduced to twenty-eight, the three days were tacked on to the beginning of February. The change in the date of the dinner to the 10th February was not made until the new era of prosperity was well established.

It was now that light and hope came to the dingy room where the work of the Fellowship was carried on, for here was a large number of dusty volumes of Dickens, for which enterprising publishers were searching. These books were sold at greatly enhanced prices, and with the money obtained a publicity campaign was started. The publishers helped with generous subsidies for they saw here a cheap and effective means of advertising their wares, and within a month the membership of the Fellowship had doubled and the first number of the *New Dickensian* appeared. It sold well and for the only time in its history went into a second edition. On account of the difficulty of finding competent writers on Dickensian subjects, the first and several subsequent numbers consisted largely of old articles from ancient copies of the magazine. Little or no change in them was necessary and readers, for the most part, were entirely unconscious of the fact they were reading as new what had been written many years before by writers who had long since passed away and been forgotten.

In a comparatively short time the new Dickens volumes appeared and were eagerly snapped up by the public; the ground had been well prepared. As the books appeared, so did the demand for lectures and speakers increase. Branches sprang up in many parts of the British Commonwealth of Nations, and the Union of American Republics. Translations were made into the languages of most civilised countries, and an edition in Universo, the successor of Esperanto, made the books known to a still larger public. Copies for the blind were produced, not, of course, in Braille, but by the new method of audible discs. In these books, discs, something like the old-fashioned gramophone records, took the place of leaves, and they became vocal when the books were opened and the discs exposed to the light.

It was amazing how closely the books expressed the discontent of the time, and how exactly they fitted the needs of the age: even where this was not so obvious they had an indirect bearing on modern wrongs and grievances. For some time popular taste was chiefly attracted by the pathetic and sentimental parts of the novels and it was somewhat later that the humour was recognised as even greater. Thus was repeated in a measure the reception the books received on their first appearance away back in the nineteenth century. This in brief is the story of the Dickens revival which took place at the beginning of the present century, some fifty years ago. Progress has been maintained, but the history of recent years is too well known to be written here and is reserved for the pens of future historians.

(*Continued from opposite page*)

was the solution of all her problems, and the more she thought of it the more she became incensed against Mr. Pickwick, and made herself a ready victim of the wiles of those "grasping attorneys"—those "kind and generous people as sets their clerks to find out little disputes among their neighbours and acquaintances as vants settlin' by means o' law suits." They would "take up the case on spec, and charge nothin' at all for costs unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

Here she made a great mistake, and she knew it, but she did not see how to extricate herself and to retreat without humiliation, and once having placed herself in the unscrupulous hands of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, all was lost. Had Mr. Pickwick been of another mind and married her, I do not doubt that she would have made him a model wife, and that he would not have regretted the day.

A DEFENCE OF MRS. BARDELL

By E. A. Lewis

OF all Dickens's characters surely none has been more misconstrued or misrepresented than the worthy widow Mrs. Bardell.

The Pickwick Papers is essentially a humorous work in which caricature plays a large part. Elections, trials, law procedure, religious types, high and low society, all are cleverly and humorously penned for our amusement. But in our zeal to extract the utmost humour from these things we are apt to make the great mistake of considering all the characters as burlesques, and the character of Mrs. Bardell has suffered most grievously in the process.

Reading carefully, we find that Dickens has given us a complete picture, an adequate description from which to build her personality. She was "comely, energetic, with a genius for cooking, improved by long practice into an exquisite talent." That is a description of a most desirable female. Her son was aged ten, which makes her a youngish woman. Marriages in those days were contracted early, so that Mrs. Bardell was most likely in her early thirties, even if she had reached that mature age.

What do we know of her past life ? Mr. Bardell had been a Custom House officer, therefore a man of some responsibility, a trifle above the ordinary, and though drink appears to have been his ultimate downfall, it is not stretching the imagination too far to suppose that, in her early married life at least, Mrs. Bardell was comfortably housed and well looked after. Then came the unfortunate deterioration of her spouse, followed by his death through the agency of a quart-pot ; whereupon she became his sole executrix, which implies some property. This probably included the house in which she lived. Now this was a very desirable and attractive residence or Mr. Pickwick would not have chosen it, and we can be sure that he looked at many other places before coming to a decision as to where he would make his home.

The house was large, clean, and quiet, and the cooking good. What more could a man want ? What more *should* a man want ?

Now here is a really important point. Mrs. Bardell drank tea ! We find her entertaining her friends to a most ladylike repast of toasted cheese, pettitoes, and tea.

It is true she kept in her closet for the entertainment of visitors on special occasions "a bottle of old crusted port at one-and-nine," and "another of celebrated East India sherry at fourteen-pence," but she was, according to all records, a temperate woman. Here is no gin-swilling female, no besotted creature of the Gamp variety. Why then should she often be impersonated as such ? In those days tea was a luxury, and above the taste and purses of the masses. It was taxed heavily, and so became the beverage of the few. How, then, you ask, could Mrs. Bardell be a tea drinker instead of a gin-guzzler ? Why, because Mr. Bardell being a customs official, and cargo broaching and wharf pillaging being much the same then as now, we can suppose that Mrs. B. had a nice little stock left over from happier days.

So here we have this estimable woman left with a child to support, a nice home, but not sufficient money to keep it up. What is her solution ? Why, lodgers ! Surely this is a story of our own time ; it rings so true to life to-day ! And so comes the advent of Mr. Pickwick, who dwelt in her home for two years. Mark you, two years ! Now had Mrs. Bardell been the matrimonial menace her enemies would have us believe, would she have waited for two years before showing her hand, or declaring her intentions in some way ? Never ! I submit that the thought of Mr. Pickwick as a husband never occurred to the good lady until the idea was erroneously suggested by the gentleman himself. Marriage offered her security for the future. It

(*continued at foot of opposite page*)

Photo by] [*T. W. Tyrrell*

NOTES ON *DOMBEY AND SON*

By T. KENT BRUMLEIGH

INTRODUCTORY

Dombey and Son was written one hundred years ago. It describes social conditions that have long since passed away and has many references that are probably quite strange to young readers of the present day, although their grandparents if now living may understand Dickens's allusions to matters that were doubtless familiar with them.

Perhaps, some day, this and the remainder of Dickens's works will be properly annotated, but meantime some elucidatory notes on the book will be useful.

For Captain Cuttle's sayings and mixed quotations *The Dickensian* for 1932, page 303, should be consulted. References to quotations from the phraseology of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer are omitted as the language of those books should be familiar to everyone and have always moulded literary expression. Dickens's copious knowledge of fairy lore (including the "Arabian Nights") and of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," together with his acquaintance with popular song-books, is shewn by the number of notes dealing with them.

For manners, customs, costume, law, travel, etc., social histories should be consulted. Here only an attempt is made to note a few of the more obscure references.

Dombey and Son and *Hard Times* are the only two of Dickens's novels that deal with the period in which they were written; the remainder of his books usually portray a period anterior to the date of publication. In other words, *Dombey and Son*, if written to-day, would be described as a "modern novel." (See Note 2 to Chapter XV.)

The occasional exuberance of the compiler has been kept in wholesome check by the kindly and skilful restraint exercised by the Editor of this magazine—a restraint for which he cannot be too grateful.

NOTES

"*The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it*" (*Bunsby*).

Chapter I

1. DOMBEY . . . HIS TRIM BLUE COAT, etc. Men's dress of the period was, among the better classes, much more colourful than modern costume. Coats of emerald green with velvet collar, cream-coloured or embroidered waistcoats, mustard-coloured or fawn-coloured or even white trousers, were not at all uncommon. Dickens himself conformed to the prevailing fashion, with an especial liking for waistcoats embroidered with various coloured flowers, of which he took with him to America in 1842 two or three of different patterns: he presented himself before Frith in 1858 to have his portrait painted in a sky-blue coat with scarlet cuffs.

2. MRS. DOMBEY. The common form of address from a man to his wife. Wives also addressed their husbands in full, especially before company: the humbler classes usually omitted the "Mr."

3. PRAISE FROM SIR HUBERT STANLEY. "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed" is from "A Cure for a Heartache," a comedy by T. Morton (1764-1835).

4. A PECUNIARY DUKE OF YORK. This is of course sarcastic; the Duke was well-known for his debts.

Chapter II

1. MANTUA-MAKERS. Dressmakers. A mantua was a loose gown (seventeenth and eighteenth century).

2. A COBBLER THERE WAS. The first line of a popular song (eighteenth century):

> "A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall
> Which served him for parlour for kitchen and hall.
> No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
> No ambition had he, nor no duns at his gate.
> Derry down, down, down, derry down."

3. COLLEGE HORNPIPE. Also known as Sailor's Hornpipe.

4. RUMP-TE-IDDITY. A common rhythmic refrain attached to many comic songs; Mr. Chick was a confirmed hummer (under his breath)—see Note 2 for "derry down."

5. I HOPE YOU ARE SUITED. A phrase current with reference to the engagement of servants. *Cf.* "provided," Chap. XXXIX, Note 2.

6. DONE WITH A TEA-POT. A real Dickens touch suggestive of the difficulty of feeding a motherless infant. Nowadays the use of a feeding-bottle, introduced about 1880, is the usual method.

7. QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ROYAL MARRIED FEMALES. An allusion to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital in Marylebone Road, an institution which also sent out foster-mothers to nurse children.

8. PORTER—QUITE UNLIMITED. Porter is a kind of beer, made by Meux & Co. in the eighteenth century by blending ale, beer and twopenny (a low-grade cheap brew). It was called by Harwood, the brewer who invented it, "Entire," and being of a hearty nourishing quality (hence its suitability for a nurse) became the favourite drink of porters and other heavy workers. Hence its name. In the sentences following, Dickens records the customary diet for nursing mothers at that time prevalent. Now, of course, it is much modified with more enlightened views about medical matters.

9. RIDE BEHIND AMONG THE SPIKES. A row of spikes on the rear axle of hackney coaches to prevent small boys from stealing rides. If there were no spikes urchins would hang on for a free ride and jealous boys on the pavement would shout "whip behind." All coaches and cabs for hire are classed officially and licensed as "hackney carriages." (Hackney is from O. French *haquenée*, an ambling horse.)

CHAPTER III

1. THE MAN WHO TRILLED THE LITTLE BELL. Among the street cries of the period was a man who mended watches and clocks calling attention to his presence by activating the striking mechanism of a small Dutch clock. Dickens here hits off an aspect of early morning traffic in the inner suburbs: these itinerant tradesmen have now almost disappeared.

2. THE LAMP-LIGHTER MADE HIS NIGHTLY FAILURE. The introduction of street lighting by electricity has nearly driven the old-fashioned lamp-lighter off the streets. He used a pole having a small oil lamp in the head surrounded by a perforated cylinder to render the flame draught-proof. The lantern on the street lamp-standard had a little glass panel which the man pushed open and then with his pole turned on the gas tap.

3. STRAW THAT HAD BEEN STREWN BEFORE THE HOUSE. Now very seldom seen as the reduction of horse-drawn traffic and the use of pneumatic tyres has greatly reduced traffic noises.

4. PENNYWINKLES. The common Cockney pronunciation of periwinkles (or winkles, for short), which is itself a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon name of the shellfish, "pinewincle": so perhaps the Cockney is not so very wrong, after all.

5. TARTAR WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES. A Tartar is a savage person, and this is Susan Nipper's pert and irreverent allusion to Mr. Dombey the unapproachable. The whole sentence is the usual Cockney periphrasis for conveying an opposite meaning.

CHAPTER IV

1. GOG AND MAGOG. The gigantic figures in Guildhall. They were destroyed by fire in 1940 during a German air-raid.

2. EAST INDIA HOUSE stood in Leadenhall Street at the West corner of Lime Street until 1862.

3. LITTLE TIMBER MIDSHIPMEN. For a full account of this "one of these effigies" see *The Dickensian*, 1905, p. 234, and 1929, p. 139. The shop of Sol Gills stood on the site of No. 157 Leadenhall Street.

4. WELSH WIG. A worsted cap. The word "Welsh" may be a derogatory adjective denoting something foreign to usual custom, as in the cases of French touch, German silver, Dutch metal, etc.

5. FIND IT GREEN. An allusion to the well-known phenomenon that after gazing through a glass at the air or sky for some time, everything appears green by contrast.

6. WHEN GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND. An adaptation of the opening stanza of a poem by Martyn Parker (*circa* 1605-1645):

"Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariners
And they will plainly shew
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow."

7. THE PIECE OF BRASS OUTSIDE. This plate, bearing the name of the shopkeeper, was placed at the foot of the shop window, but has now nearly disappeared with the coming of the fashion of placing the name of the shopkeeper along the top of the window.

8. ALL IN THE DOWNS.—The sub-title of "Black-eyed Susan," a song the words by John Gay and the music by R. Leveridge (1730). Douglas Jerrold's play "Black-eyed Susan, or All in the Downs" was not written until 1849.

9. MILE END TURNPIKE. This stood a few yards east of the junction of Cambridge Heath Road with Mile End Road. The gate was removed about 1864. It was exactly a mile from Aldgate.

10. THIS WINE . . . HAS BEEN TO THE EAST INDIES. It used to be the custom, after the receipt of the wines from Spain or Madeira, to send the casks on a sailing ship for a voyage to the East Indies and back (sometimes more than once). It enhanced the flavour and bouquet. Now the same effect is procured by special machinery.

11. LIKE YOUNG NORVAL'S FATHER. See "Douglas" by Rev. J. Home (1724-1808):

"My name is Norval: on the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to *increase his store*,
And keep his only son, myself, at home."

12. CAPTAIN CUTTLE'S REVERENCE FOR THE STOCK. Cuttle's reverence was tempered by an ignorance of the instruments amounting almost to fear. And yet "he had been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateersman, or all three perhaps, and was usually addressed as Captain."

CHAPTER V

1. THEM TWO GRIFFINS. Another instance of Susan Nipper's pertness. Miss Tox and Mrs. Chick were the supporters of Dombey in the bringing up of little Paul, and Susan probably had in mind the supporters of the City Arms, commonly called griffins, but really heraldic dragons.

2. MR. PITT . . . WITH NO TRACE OF HIS CELESTIAL ORIGIN. William Pitt, the Younger, Prime Minister from 1783 to 1801, was said by Canning to be a "heaven-born minister." See also Chapter LXI, note 1.

4. BABYLONIAN COLLAR. The word "Babylonian" is here used in its figurative sense, meaning "outlandish, barbaric, ostentatiously grand."

3. ENCHANTED MOOR. A reference to the "Forty Thieves."

5. ASKED WITH HAMLET "INTO MY GRAVE." (Hamlet, Act II. Sc. ii.)

6. PRAYER BOOK OPEN AT THE GUNPOWDER PLOT. The State Service ordered for the Fifth of November in the Book of Common Prayer. This service was still in use when *Dombey and Son* was written, but was revoked in 1859. Its use by Miss Tox at a baptism is an amusing instance of the difficulty of "finding the place" in the old Prayer Book; a process much simplified in late years.

7. WITH A HEY HO CHEVY. From the chorus of "Old Towler" by William Shield (1748-1829):

"With a heigh ho, chivey
Hark forward, hark forward, Tantivy."

CHAPTER VI

1. TONY LUMPKIN. A selfish, self-satisfied character in "She Stoops to Conquer" by Oliver Goldsmith (1773).

2. STAGG'S GARDENS occupied a site now covered by Euston Station (see Chapter XV, Note 2). In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries

the country north of the Euston Road (called the New Road when it was first constructed in 1757) was pastoral and open in character, with the exception of a few houses in the Hampstead Road on the west and a few streets round old St. Pancras Church on the east (see map in *The Dickensian*, 1929, p. 58). The district formed a recreation-ground resort in summer evenings for tired Londoners, and cattle grazed as late as 1820 on Rhodes's Farm, where Euston Station now stands.

3. PRINTED ON POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS. It was quite common to be able to buy pocket-handkerchiefs with maps, lists of English kings and other educational subjects printed upon them. *Cf.* the moral pocket handkerchiefs mentioned by Tony Weller in *Pickwick*.

4. CAMBERLING TOWN. The writer can remember, about 1874, many old inhabitants who used this name for a locality of which they *knew* the correct name. Staggs's Gardens was really in Somers Town, but as this district had not quite so genteel a reputation as Camden Town it was not at all unusual for the better-class residents of Somers Town to say they lived in Camden Town, and this may be the reason for Dickens using the latter name. It will be remembered that Dickens himself lived, as a boy, first in Bayham Street which is in Camden Town, and then in Johnson Street, which is in Somers Town.

5. HITHER THE TWO NURSES BENT THEIR STEPS. It is worth noting how Dickens makes his characters walk and the distances they cover. From Dombey's house to Staggs's Gardens is at least a mile and a half. Thence to City Road is a good mile, and then Florence wandered to Thames Street another mile and a half or more, and then back to Leadenhall Street about three-quarters of a mile. Altogether not far short of five miles, quite a long way for a tender little girl of about eight, especially if her terrors are taken into account.

6. BANBURY CROSS. An allusion to the nursery rhyme while giving a small child a ride on one's foot.

7. CASTLE ON THE MANTEL-PIECE. A specimen of one of these little ornaments with transparent windows can be seen at the London Museum.

CHAPTER VII

1. PRINCESS'S PLACE. It would be useless to look on a map for Princess's Place, a name of Dickens's invention to describe an obscure little turning, many examples of which could, and can, still be found in the West End of London.

2. MACBETH'S BANNERS. "Hang out our banners on the outward walls: the cry is still they come" (Macbeth, Act V. Sc. v.).

3. OBSOLETE HARPSICHORD. The harpsichord was the forerunner of the piano. The strings were plucked by quills instead of being struck by hammers. The case was decorated with a painted or inlaid design, generally of a wreath of flowers.

4. COPENHAGEN AND BIRD WALTZES. Two popular pieces of music of the period; both are very simple and give an indication of the musical accomplishments of Miss Tox. It will be noticed that she had copied them into her own music book. This was a more common practice than it is now, as such copying is now an infringement of copyright.

CHAPTER VIII

1. COULD HAVE BOUGHT HIM OFF. Avoidance of service in the Militia by payment ceased in 1871 when the control of the Militia passed from the Lords-Lieutenant to the War Office.

2. UNDERTAKERS, OR MUTES. Mutes were hired mourners, now happily extinct, and a part of the mummery of nineteenth century funerals. One stood on either side of the front door of the house of mourning, clad in black with head bowed in sign of grief, and holding a long staff draped in black stuff. From their tall hats depended long black "streamers" reaching nearly to the ground.

3. MOMUS. The god of mockery and censure.

4. BLACK BOMBAZINE. A dress material, usually black and associated with mourning, made of half silk and half wool, getting its name from the Latin *Bombyx*, a silkworm. It was generally worn to follow the crape period of mourning.

5. CUPPING-GLASSES. These are cup-shaped vessels holding about three to five liquid ounces, used by surgeons for bleeding patients. The glasses adhere to the skin by exhaustion of air.

6. COCK-LANE GHOST. Cock Lane, Smithfield, was the scene of a hoax caused by a tapping or knocking ghost in 1762; the fraud was exposed by Dr. Johnson and others. Dickens knew the story well, and has other references to it in his books.

7. FALSTAFF. One of Dickens's favourite Shakespearian characters. The allusion is, of course, to the story of Falstaff's valour against the men in buckram at Gad's Hill, Dickens's home for the last twelve years of his life.

CHAPTER IX

1. LOVELY PEG. The writer has not yet been able to identify this favourite song of Cuttle's. It was doubtless similar in sentiment to the better known "Bailiff's daughter of Islington," which was popular in the early nineteenth century.

2. COLOURS OF THE DOLPHIN. The name dolphin is popularly applied to the Coryphene, a small brightly-coloured fish allied to the mackerel, sometimes found dying on the shore: its colours, silver blue and yellow, have a metallic brilliance. Byron alludes to the popular legend in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:

> "Parting day
> Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
> With a new colour as he gasps away.
> The last still loveliest—'tis gone—and all is gray."

3. BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT (*i.e.* beyond or without the City boundary), and Bishopsgate Street Within, were amalgamated as one thoroughfare under the name of Bishopsgate in 1910.

4. INDIA DOCKS. The West India Docks were opened in 1802 and the East India Docks in 1806. South of the West India Docks was the City Canal, opened in 1805. This Canal has been conjectured to be the "little canal" of the story (see *The Dickensian*, 1935, p. 195), but it was much more than a *little* canal as it cost £168,800 and could accommodate vessels of 500 tons burthen. The canal was purchased by the West India Dock Company in 1829 and widened for use as a dock. Dickens is purposely misleading about Brig Place which is an invented name (like Princess's Place).

5. CAIUS MARIUS. Lived 157 B.C. to 86 B.C. When ordered to leave Northern Africa, he replied: "Tell the prætor that you have seen Caius a fugitive, sitting on the ruins of Carthage."

6. GUERNSEY SHIRTS. Thick knitted woollen tunics; also called jerseys; first used by fishermen of the Channel Islands.

CHAPTER X

1. YELLOW JACK. The sailor's name for Yellow Fever, once prevalent in tropical America, but now somewhat under control.

CHAPTER XI

1. CHERUB WHO HAD SAT UP ALOFT. Adapted from Dibdin's song "Poor Jack." The correct version runs:

> "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
> To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack."

2. CICERO. Marcus Tullius Cicero, the famous Roman orator.

3. BARREL ORGAN. Not the same as the "piano-organ" of modern days. An almost obsolete musical instrument once fairly common in London streets. The tunes were produced by means of a pin-studded revolving cylinder acting on the mechanism of the keys that controlled pipes fed by a bellows. It usually played only a limited number of tunes, the change from one to another being effected by a shifting of the cylinder sideways bringing into action a fresh set of pins.

4. CURTIUS. Mettius Curtius, a noble Roman youth, who, mounting his horse in full armour, leaped into a great chasm that appeared in the Forum.

5. HOMER AND MINERVA have always been favourite subjects for busts in libraries and studies.

6. PARNASSUS. A range of mountains in Greece sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

7. TUSCULUM. A town ten miles from Rome, where Cicero had a villa.

8. DAVY-LAMP. Invented by Sir Humphry Davy about 1815: the flame of the lamp is surrounded by fine gauze to prevent it from coming into contact with the explosive gases in a coal-pit. Although it has been largely superseded by later improved patterns, the name persists.

CHAPTER XII

1. VIRGIL STOP. The word "stop" is hardly correct, as a barrel-organ has only one register, *i.e.* row of pipes. Dickens probably had in mind the draw-knobs (commonly called stops) by the keyboard of a church or concert organ. These "stops" do actually change the register, *i.e.* brings into action another row of pipes of a different musical character. See also Chapter XI, Note 3.

2. PERFECT MILLER. Joe Miller's Jest Book is the best known of all English collections of witticisms. It was compiled in 1739 by John Mottley. The best joke in the book is probably its title-page, as Joseph Miller (1684-1738), although a comedian by profession, is said never to have been known to make a joke in his life.

3. VITELLIUS. Roman Emperor: a glutton and an epicure. His principal interest was the table, on which he spent immense sums of money.

4. OLYMPIC GAME of lounging up and down. The use of the adjective "Olympic" is, of course, satirical.

5. TABLE BEER. A weak poor grade of beer placed in a jug or tankard on the table for general use; suitable for children before the days of tea; called also small beer; tasted flat, may not have been stale, but from the toper's point of view was unprofitable.

6. LEARNED GUY FAWKES, OR ARTIFICIAL BOGLE. A bogle is a scarecrow, and the Guy Fawkes referred to is the figure at one time carried about the streets by small boys on November the fifth. Each of these objects was stuffed with straw to give them bodily form.

7. LIKE A MIGHTY WHEEL. The ancient torture of breaking on the wheel included spread-eagling or stretching.

8. THAT LEADEN CASKET, HIS CRANIUM. A reference to the Fisherman's story in "Arabian Nights."

CHAPTER XIII

1. WINDSOR SOAP. Sometimes called Brown Windsor soap, is so-called from its town of manufacture. The byeways of the City used to be the happy hunting ground of many hawkers, but they have nowadays nearly all disappeared. See Chapter III, Note 1.

2. TICKET-PORTER. A licensed messenger identified by a badge on his arm. These messengers hold their licences from the Police, and the charge for the badge is 1/- a year.

3. HUNG THE NEWSPAPER TO AIR. Newspapers used often to arrive from the newsagent in the morning damp with the printer's ink still wet from the press. They required drying before a fire, and "crisping" before they could be read with comfort. Valets and footmen had it as part of their duty to air the newspaper before handing it to their master.

4. HAROUN ALRASCHID. Another reference to the "Arabian Nights." The allusion is continued through the chapter by references to the Grand Vizier, the Sultan, and the Eastern form of address: "You are the Light of my Eyes," etc. All, of course, a form of homage to Dombey's greatness.

CHAPTER XIV

1. APOTHECARY. An old name for a pharmaceutical chemist. He would attend a school like Blimber's for minor ailments, leaving more serious cases to a professional doctor.

2. CRAVATTED, CURLED, AND PUMPED. Properly dressed and wearing dress shoes ready for the party. The dress shoes were called "pumps" because they were worn on occasions of *pomp* and ceremony.

3. HAD I A HEART . . . The first lines of a song from "The Duenna," a comic opera by R. B. Sheridan, Act I, Scene v (1775):

> "Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
> I ne'er could injure you;
> For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
> Your charms would make me true . . ."

4. THOSE YOUNG CHESTERFIELDS. An allusion to the advice given by the Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773) to his natural son never to show his feelings.

CHAPTER XV

1. ANKLE-JACKS. Boots reaching above the ankle but not so far as the knee. The term is now almost obsolete.

2. NO SUCH PLACE AS STAGGS'S GARDENS. It was a good thing perhaps that the railway company came along and cut right through what was becoming an undesirable neighbourhood. For the effect of the railway's activities the book gives a very vivid picture both here and in Chapter VI, and enables us to fix within small limits the date covered by the story. It was after 1834, when the terminus was at Chalk Farm, and before Euston Station was opened on September 17th, 1838. Here we are told that Staggs's gardens had disappeared and in Chapter XX Euston is so far finished that Dombey and Bagstock can use it to travel to Birmingham; but they did not use the Great Booking Hall to book their places as that was not opened till 1847—after *Dombey and Son* was written. "The granite columns of gigantic girth opened a vista" refers to the great Doric Arch designed by Hardwick, the architect of Euston Station. It was erected in 1837 at a cost of £30,000. The building of the station took three years (1846 to 1848), and therefore it was still in course of erection at the time of Dombey's journey. From Euston the line tunnels under the Hampstead Road and runs behind the houses in a deep cutting. Writing in 1851 Dickens says he "found that the Railway had cut it [Wellington House Academy] up root and branch." It had "swallowed the playground, sliced away the schoolroom, and pared off the corner of the house," leaving it like a "forlorn flat-iron without a handle, standing on end" (*Reprinted Pieces: Our School*).

3. NOT A ROOD OF ENGLISH GROUND. An allusion to Goldsmith's lines in "The Deserted Village" (1770).

> "A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
> When every rood of ground maintained its man."

CHAPTER XVII

1. CASTELLATED SHEET OF BROWN PAPER. It was quite a usual thing to fill up the empty fire-grate in summer time with sheets of paper more or less ornamented by cutting the top edge in a pattern, or with a hideous arrangement of shredded paper and tinsel called a "water-fall." Now seldom seen owing perhaps to improvement in taste and certainly to the introduction of gas-fires, electric stoves, and central heating.

2. ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE. This saying appears in "Polite Conversations" by Dean Swift (1667-1745).

3. WAL'R. It is curious that Mr. Perch, a bank messenger, should seem to "remember having heard in infancy that there was once a poet of that name," evidently referring to Edmund Waller, who flourished 1605-1687.

CHAPTER XVIII

1. LIVING IN A CORNER HOUSE. That it is unlucky to live in a corner house is a very ancient old-wives' superstitution, current particularly among domestic servants.

2. DIOGENES. The cynic philosopher (412-323 B.C.). He said to Alexander the Great, when asked by that monarch whether he could oblige him in any way: "Yes, you can stand out of the sunshine."

3. LET HIM REMEMBER IT. See Chapter LIX for the fulfilment.

CHAPTER XIX

1. SMALL CLOTHES. An archaic term for knee-breeches; also called shorts.

2. ARCHIMEDES. When Syracuse was taken by the Romans in 212 B.C. Archimedes was killed by the besiegers while he was intent upon a mathematical problem.

3. HEAR HIM. The original form (now obsolete) of the modern "Hear, hear," an interjection conveying either approval or derision.

4. CYCLOPS. Titans, three in number, each with only one eye placed centrally in the forehead.

(To be continued)

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP CONFERENCE

The Thirty-sixth Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship was held in London on July 18th at the Society of Friends.

Although shorn of all the customary peace-time attractions, the simple Business Meeting was surprisingly well attended, delegates from Bath, Birmingham, Blackburn, Plymouth and Wellingborough being present.

Mr. Leo Mason (Blackburn), Chairman of the Council, presided and opened the proceedings with a fine Address* on "Dickens and Edgar Allan Poe," symbolising the present great English-speaking alliance in which all hopes for the future are centred.

The Emergency Committee were re-elected, as were the Honorary Auditors, Messrs. Whinney, Smith and Whinney, to whose valuable services a warm tribute was paid.

The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. W. Hill, presented a most heartening view of the financial position of both the Dickens Fellowship and the Dickens House. Having due regard to the difficulties of the times the accounts were considered most satisfactory and were adopted "subject to audit," as the Hon. Auditors had been unable to prepare them in time for Conference, owing to pressure of business.

The changes in *The Dickensian*, necessitated by the severe restrictions of the Paper Control, were dealt with by the Hon. Editor, Mr. Walter Dexter. Several delegates voiced the keen appreciation, felt throughout the Fellowship, for the fine work of the Editor in so splendidly maintaining the excellence of our unique journal in the face of innumerable difficulties.

David Copperfield was decided upon as the book for study for the Season 1943-44, the book for the coming season being *Dombey and Son*.

At the close of the meeting most of the branch representatives present gave a brief account of the war-time activities of their branches, presenting a most happy picture of successful endeavour under adverse conditions.

The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the indefatigable Chairman, proposed by Mr. Sturge Cotterell (Bath). Tea followed, but the projected evening ramble had to be abandoned owing to the inclement weather.

Thus ended the third Dickens Fellowship Conference during the present conflict. Each of these have been simpler than its predecessor, but although the limit of simplicity appears to have been reached by this year's gathering, it was unmistakeably characterised by healthy vigour and promise for the future. Next month the Fellowship will complete its fortieth year. The Birthday Celebrations will not be elaborate. We may safely leave that until the Jubilee in 1952. But we may confidently assure ourselves that the successful negotiation of the present anxious period is the criterion of the future of the Dickens Fellowship.

L. C. S.

[Due to innate modesty, our Hon. Secretary has omitted to state in this brief report that several members spoke of his splendid work for the Fellowship and that a special vote of thanks was accorded for his most valuable services, undiminished by the war-work on which he is engaged.—THE EDITOR.]

THE LATE MISS MARY S. SAXE

By the death of Mary Solace Saxe, who died on May 27th, in her 75th year, the Montreal Branch loses one of its most esteemed members, and one who was known and loved throughout the North American continent. Miss Saxe had been for over thirty years librarian for the City of Westmount, Montreal's beautiful English-speaking residential suburb. An enthusiastic Dickensian, she was one of those instrumental in promoting the Montreal Branch in 1909. She was one of the earliest members of the Executive Committee, and the first lady appointed to the Vice-Presidency. About fifteen years ago she visited Great Britain and made the acquaintance of many London members. This visit proved the theme of many lectures at the Montreal Branch and other organisations. In this connection it might be mentioned that she was an accomplished essayist, and also wrote poems and plays, her literary gifts, one might say, being inherited, as she was a niece of John G. Saxe, the American poet. As librarian at Westmount she performed one task that would have appealed to the heart of Dickens. In spite of many obstacles, she succeeded in founding the first children's library in Canada, a library whose methods continue to be studied and copied by similar institutions both in the Dominion and in the United States.—A. P.

* This will be printed in the Winter number.

PHIZ'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO *DOMBEY AND SON*

By KENTLEY BROMHILL

INTRODUCTORY. Hablot Knight Browne (Phiz) was associated with Dickens for over twenty-two years. Beginning with the *Pickwick Papers* in 1837, his work as a draughtsman shows steady improvement in each successive book, till in *Dombey and Son* it reaches high-water mark. His line gets more sure and perfect; his command of the process of etching gets firmer and more confident; and his grouping gets more artistic and satisfying. When *Dombey* began Browne was only thirty-one years of age—three years younger than Dickens, and the partnership was ideal.

There are many people who prefer a novel without illustrations; they say they would rather form their own idea of the characters in the book than depend upon an artist's idea of those characters. That might be a cogent argument where the artist draws merely his own conception of what the characters should be. And very often, it must be admitted, the author's own ideas may be very far from the reader's mental picture—the power of writing to convey meaning is limited. But in the case of Dickens and Browne we are not getting the artist's conception only. We are presented with the writer's conception, and the artist is only the medium for presenting pictorially what the novelist has conceived in literary form. That is why Boz and Phiz are inseparable. Never did a draughtsman study so earnestly the text he had to illustrate, and never did a draughtsman realize so successfully the characters and incidents as they had formed themselves in the mind of the author.

Dickens was not an easy author to illustrate, and his constant criticisms of designs submitted to him must sometimes have been a source of anxiety to his illustrators. "His requirements were exacting . . . of all notions to connect with him, the most preposterous would be that which depicted him as receiving from any artist the inspiration he was always striving to give." For instance: Dickens had a model for Dombey in his mind: "The man for Dombey, if Browne could see him, is Sir A— E— of D—'s,"[1] and, again: "I do wish he could get a glimpse of A, for he is the very Dombey."[1] But neither Sir A— E— nor A was accessible to Browne, so he submitted two sheets of sketches containing no less than twenty-nine suggested Dombeys; of these Dickens marked five as possibles and the figure we know as Mr. Dombey is an amalgamation that met with Dickens's approval; he had "a nervous dread of caricature in the face of his merchant-hero."[2]

Browne was, however, patient, accommodating and painstaking, and willing to do everything he could to meet all Dickens's wishes. One thing we can be sure of—the pictures in *Dombey and Son* as it was issued, had Dickens's approval and represent pictorially his own mental conceptions of the story and the characters.

I.—The Cover.

In this design Phiz excelled. One has only to compare it with the cover-design of the preceding book, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, to note at once the immense improvement; in this case the cover bears little or no relation to the story except in an emblematic sort of way. Now turn to the cover of the green monthly parts of *Dombey*. Using the conventional type of Victorian book-cover—a pictorial border surrounding the title—we see that Dickens had given Phiz a rough idea of the course the story was to take, and we note that many of the incidents

were floating about in Dickens's mind long before a line of the book was written. At the top is Dombey in his great position as a prominent merchant, full of pride and conscious greatness, sitting over a cash-box surmounting a pile of business books, and surrounded by satellites and sychophants. We also find him in his private room adjoining his staff office. There is also a hint that Dombey would become a Member of Parliament, but this did not come to pass. On the left is *Son* in his nurse's arms, and just above that he is at school. On the opposite side of the design Dombey's second marriage (with a military witness—not Bagstock) is forecast. At the foot of the page we see Dombey supporting all his greatness with one thumb, on the strength supplied by his banker's pass book and his own chequebook, while opposite, the other support is his wealth acquired at the expense of his health (this also was not to be). Between the two supports there is a representative of the Firm (the figure is too old for Walter Gay) setting out for a foreign country only to meet with shipwreck on the horizon. Sol Gills in his Welsh wig studies the stars and perhaps the weather. Now look at the right hand column: the books of account have disappeared, and down comes the House of Dombey and Son like a house of cards, depositing the once great Dombey, now old and broken, dependent for succour and comfort on the love and devotion of a daughter.

What Dickens thought of this cover design is shewn in his letter to Forster: "Browne is certainly interesting himself and taking pains. I think the cover very good; perhaps with a little too much in it, but that is an ungrateful objection." It is quite possible that Dickens had told Browne a little too much of what was in his mind, and feared that he might not find it convenient to follow too closely the cover indications. In any case it does not seem to have troubled him, for he introduced Mrs. Skewton, the two Carkers, Cuttle and Miss Tox, none of whom he had apparently thought of when he gave Phiz his sketchy first ideas.

II.—The Frontispiece.

Now let us look at the frontispiece issued after the story was complete and ready to issue in volume form. First we notice the beauty of the drawing; this was a picture to be preserved as an integral part of the book, whereas the cover of the successive monthly parts was of a more ephemeral nature and would probably be destroyed. The general scheme is the Apotheosis of Florence the heroine of the story. She sits by the seashore wondering what the waves are saying and in her dreams sees herself taking care of Little Paul and reviewing all that has happened since his birth. She sees her ill-fated little brother at his birth; with his nurse Richards; with his papa asking about what money can do; at school with Dr. Blimber and Cornelia; talking to the clockmender; on his death-bed with his father weeping close by; and being welcomed by the angels. She sees herself at her mother's death-bed with Dr. Parker Peps in attendance; with Miss Tox and Richards nursing Paul; spurned by her father. She sees Walter just escaping death at the wreck of the "Son and Heir"; Walter being reunited to herself to the joy of Captain Cuttle. She sees Edith and her father at daggers drawn with Bagstock looking on, Carker slinking away; Carker killed by the train; Old Sol Gills escorted on his travels by mermaids; also crawling up the beach out of reach of the waves. She sees Mrs. Skewton dropping her fan as she is claimed by Father Time and Death; Miss Tox in pursuit of an elusive Cupid, and also in despair as Major Bagstock is carried out of her reach. Finally, she sees herself reaching out a helping hand to her father as he is almost overwhelmed by the sea of his difficulties.

Unfortunately very few of Dickens's letters to Hablot Browne have come to light, but we do know from the correspondence that is available that he chose his own subjects in the book for illustration, and that he wrote the captions himself. It would be interesting to read what Dickens thought of this beautiful frontispiece and whether he inspired the choice of incidents included in it. If Browne selected the incidents he did wonderfully well when he had the complete book to choose from, instead of depending on a rough preliminary outline (as was the case when the cover of the first number was designed).

(To be continued)

Little Paul Dombey

One of the extra illustrations by Phiz

PHIZ'S EXTRA ILLUSTRATIONS FOR *DOMBEY AND SON*

On the conclusion of the publication in monthly numbers, Chapman and Hall issued "with the approbation of Mr. Dickens," for binding with the parts, (*a*) a set of four plates "from designs by H. K. Browne, engraved under the superintendence of H. K. Browne and R. Young." The price was one shilling; (*b*) a set of eight etchings by Browne, the price of which was two shillings. As these have not been reproduced since (except in the expensive "National" and "Nonesuch" editions) we shall be reproducing them in this and the following numbers. The portrait of Paul appears above. The etching of Susan Nipper will be found on page 227.

CARE AND TRAINING OF CHILDREN—THEN AND NOW

By EVA E. HAMPSON

I

THE year 1870 is memorable for the death of Charles Dickens and the birth of our modern educational system. Doubtless Dickens did much to prepare the way for it in an indirect but effective manner, but it was denied him to see the developments resulting from the Act of 1870, which established a universal and compulsory system of elementary education.

As one reads Dickens's descriptions and criticisms of schools and teachers and the training of the young, it is well to bear in mind that his experience of education was of a time prior to even the beginnings of the present system, and that this system has been revised and transformed more than once since the Act of 1870.

It is interesting, therefore, to compare the treatment of children as Dickens knew it and as it is to-day.

II

Modern school buildings are spacious, well lit, adequately heated and ventilated, suitably furnished, properly equipped, attractively decorated, possessing not only classroom accommodation, but craft rooms, science and art rooms, assembly halls, dining halls, gymnasia and sports facilities with playing fields, gardens, lawns, and in these times, air raid shelters.

Contrast this with just one sentence about the Gradgrind school: "The scene was a bare, monotonous vault of a schoolroom"; or the description of the school at which "young Charley Hexam had first learned from a book": "It was a miserable loft in an unsavoury yard. Its atmosphere was oppressive and disagreeable"; or the scene greeting Nicholas Nickleby the first morning he took up duty as assistant at Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy: "A bare and dirty room with a couple of windows whereof a tenth part might be of glass the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long, old rickety desks cut and notched and inked and damaged in every possible way, two or three forms, a detached desk for Squeers and another for his assistant."

Then we must turn to the account of the village school where little Nell and her Grandfather received shelter through the schoolmaster's kindness. Reference is made to the simple equipment and we can well imagine the limited curriculum. There was a little garden before the cottage which had "S-C-H-O-O-L" written up over the window in black letters on a white board. The schoolroom was parlour and kitchen combined. "There were a couple of forms notched and cut and inked all over; a small deal desk perched on four legs at which no doubt the master sat, a few dog's-eared books on a high shelf and besides a motley collection of pegtops, balls, kites, . . . and other confiscated property of idle urchins. Displayed on hooks upon the wall, in all their terrors, were the cane and ruler and near them . . . the dunce's cap . . . But the great ornament of the walls were certain moral sentences, fairly copied in good round text, and well-worked sums . . . for the double purpose, as it seemed, of bearing testimony to the excellence of the school and kindling a worthy emulation in the bosoms of the scholars."

Since then school buildings have improved enormously, but there are still black-listed schools—ugly, inconvenient, unhealthy, and insanitary—and they are likely to remain so for some time, for all

building programmes, whether for remodelled or new schools, have been cancelled for the period of the war.

III

Now to consider physical fitness ; Dickens's compassion for cripples is well known. Tiny Tim has proved the source of countless philanthropic efforts throughout the length and breadth of the land. Then there is the case of the delicate child, Paul Dombey, who, for health reasons, was sent at five years of age to Brighton, and a year later was considered by his proud, ambitious father, strong enough to attend Dr. Blimber's select school for boys—" to acquire *everything*," so Mr. Dombey decided. Here is the conversation between Miss Blimber and Paul after he had been admitted to the school. " How old are you, Dombey ? " " Six." " How much do you know of your Latin Grammar ? " " None of it." This shocked Miss Blimber and she made a selection of books from which the fragile little chap was to learn and make up for lost time. No wonder his sister, Florence, tried to help him out with his studies, and little wonder that he did not live to return to school after the holidays and take up that load of heavy books ever again.

To-day we realise that a healthy body is of first consideration. Every effort is made to prevent physical defects and produce an A 1 nation. The pre-natal clinics and child welfare centres devote care and attention to the youngest. In the nursery schools the physical development of the child is considered of prime importance. Throughout their school life the school medical service undertakes the watchful care of all children, who are examined periodically and necessary treatment is given to reduce suffering to a minimum. Minor ailments are treated each week at the school clinic ; dental treatment is given when necessary, and regular dental inspection undertaken. Some children need attention at the ophthalmic clinic where vision is corrected and later suffering spared. The orthopædic clinic reduces the number of Tiny Tims in the land to a minimum. Prevention rather than cure is the guiding principle of the physical treatment of the young. It would be disgraceful if the following were to be seen to-day in school : " Pale and haggard children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth and others whose long meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies. There were the bleared eye, the hare-lip, and every ugliness or distortion—young lives which from the earliest dawn of infancy had been one horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. There were little faces which should have been handsome darkened with the scowl of dogged suffering ; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone and its helplessness alone remaining " (*Nicholas Nickleby*). This can never be so again. Remedial work in connection with physical fitness is splendid and desirable, but it is difficult to estimate adequately the value of the physical training in all its branches done daily in our schools all the year round.

The food question must have passing mention. Oliver Twist dared to ask for more. It would rejoice the heart of Dickens to know that children need not go hungry to-day. Necessitous cases have free milk and free meals provided. In recent years the milk scheme has been introduced in schools, not merely to satisfy hunger, but to improve the nutrition of the growing child. School canteens are being established throughout the land at this very time, not as a war-time measure, but as a regular thing to make it possible that children can secure an adequate mid-day meal, dietetically sound, at nominal cost and organised and supervised by food experts.

IV

Now for that painful matter of juvenile delinquency, which includes stealing as perhaps the commonest offence. Oliver Twist received private tuition in the art of stealing. The Artful Dodger and Charley Bates demonstrated for the benefit of Oliver the stealing of the snuff-box, note-case, diamond pin, watch and guard chain from old Fagin the Jew. Thieving was so cleverly taught that Oliver laughed till the tears ran down his face as he watched the "curious game" of the old gentleman and the two boys, and he did not suspect any wrong.

Stealing still goes on, alas, but I do not believe that definite lessons are given in it. In our schools every effort is made to prevent delinquency. One or other aspect of moral training appears incidentally every day in school, and right is distinguished from wrong. Much is being said, however, about the increase in juvenile delinquency. Only the other week a Manchester probation officer stated that the "Palace-of-Fun-Admission-Free-Establishments" are the curse of to-day for young people, who are fascinated by the automatic machines of games of chance, and steal money to enable them to venture. An easy target for those with a tendency to steal is found in our big stores where the modern method of display is by attractively arranging goods on open counters. Children are tempted to help themselves to what is not their own and this causes grave concern to those responsible for training the young. Then the effect of certain films on the child mind makes crime seem heroic and adventurous and leads to imitation. Often in our Juvenile Courts the complaint is justifiably made, that there is lack of parental control. Far too often the child's decision is final when the parent should decide on conduct. The problem of juvenile delinquency is not yet solved, but much care and attention is given to it both in and out of school. In our Juvenile Courts the treatment of the delinquent is of such a nature that he is given every chance of reform and not branded as a criminal from the first offence.

V

And what about thrift? Dickens had a hatred of debt. He had suffered because of the improvidence of his own father, the original of the genial, improvident Micawber. When Mr. Micawber was arrested and taken to the King's Bench Prison he was visited the following Sunday by David, whom he solemnly told to take warning by his fate. Who is there who does not remember Micawber's lesson: If a man had twenty pounds a year for his income and spent £19-19-6, he would be happy, but if he spent £20-0-6 he would be miserable. I remember having this quoted to me in my early years, long before I understood anything about the circumstances under which the advice was given.

I do not know that training in thrift played much part in the schools of Dickens, but it certainly does to-day. In peace-time children in school are encouraged to form the habit of regular saving, usually weekly, in the school bank. They save for new clothes, holidays, Christmas or for future years. A short time ago a widow thanked me sincerely when withdrawing money from the school bank, adding, "You know you always take care of my rates for me. I shall miss it when Norman leaves school." National Savings have been encouraged in schools all the years since the last war, and much has been and is being achieved in that way. Thrift is particularly necessary these days when it is so easy, by means of deferred payments and hire purchase, to obtain the goods first and pay for them afterwards - a course which often ends in the misery predicted by Mr. Micawber.

VI

A very well-worn phrase in connection with the training of the young is "Learn by doing," and there is no sounder principle on which to act. The immature being has to gain its experience itself. We all agree that Winkle was immature, but why rub it in by classing him with schoolboys? Mr. Winkle found it difficult to learn by doing when on skates. Practice makes perfect. The purpose behind the doing is development of control, increase in manipulative skill and a gaining of power and ability, all of which can be used later on in life. Hence the large part played in our schools by what was called "Hand and Eye Training" and now "Handwork and Craft Work." In this connection it is noteworthy that in the early stages particularly in estimating success, we give credit for the amount of effort put forth rather than attach undue importance to finished result; though with the older child one does take into consideration finished result as well as effort put forth. Our friend Squeers also adopted a similar theory. When demonstrating for Nicholas Nickleby he referred to it as "the practical mode of teaching—the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb, active, to make bright, to scour; w-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it."

It is necessary to add that with Squeers the final result mattered; but he had no concern about the development of the gifts lying dormant in the boys entrusted to his care.

The Gradgrind theory is another method of teaching. The opening sentences of *Hard Times* give us an insight into it: "Now what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but facts. Facts alone are wanted in life." The very name of the schoolmaster, Mr. M'Choakumchild, speaks for itself. His was the mechanical art and mystery of educating the reason without stooping to the cultivation of the sentiments and affections. "Never wonder," Mr. Gradgrind told Louisa, "By means of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division settle everything somehow and never wonder."

The late Lord Balfour once said, "The greatest things in life are love, beauty, and happiness. All three possess this in common—they are incapable of measurement." What a contrast to the Gradgrind theory. Education leads and trains. Gradgrindism drives in. Education authorities are striving to provide facilities for the all-round, physical, mental, and spiritual development of all children. We are apt to think of education as merely learning. Learning is an important part of education and a means for education, for drawing out our full powers and giving us the capacity to use them. But true education is a training of the whole intellectual, moral, and physical nature. It begins at home and at school and should go on throughout life.

To-day we realise that not only are facts necessary when the teacher is the giver of information, but "wonder" must have its place, and opportunity must be given for imagination, appreciation, and feeling for Balfour's "Love, beauty, and happiness."

VII

In the majority of cases the ideal upbringing of a child is by the parents in the home. But there is the case of the orphan child. Some times he enters an institution, as poor Oliver Twist did. *He* was badly treated; the lot of the institution child is far better to-day. The State does not allow neglect, punishment, and cruelty, but tries to give the unfortunate one a chance. Then we have such bodies as the National Children's Home, founded the year before Charles Dickens died, by Dr. Stevenson. The different professions have their own benevolent and orphan sections and provide most generously for the orphans entrusted to their care.

Another method of caring for the orphan child is adoption, whereby children are legally adopted into good homes and secure the benefits of sonship. Cases are heard of to-day where evacuated children have become adopted children. It is gratifying to hear of these generous-hearted people with a love for children.

Finally, I feel that Dickens would note with satisfaction that school buildings have improved; that the child's physical welfare receives attention; that no child need go hungry; that thrift is encouraged; that the mode of teaching is based on sound principles; that the orphan child is cared for. But he would view with anxiety the increase in juvenile delinquency, the prevalence of child labour contravening the law, *e.g.* errand boys, milk boys, paper boys, etc., and the setback in education caused by the war—irregular or non-attendance or truancy, which may lead to illiteracy—loss of lesson-time by war-time exercises, *e.g.* fire drill, gas mask drill, repair and inspection of gas masks, alert periods spent in shelters.

May we hope that another Dickens will arise, when the war ends, to right these wrongs

NIPPETS FROM SUSAN

I may not be a peacock, but I have my eyes.

* * *

I may not be Meethosalem but I am not a child in arms.

* * *

Though I may not gather moss, I'm not a rolling stone.

* * *

I may not wish to live in crowds, but still I'm not an oyster.

* * *

Though I'm pretty firm I'm not a marble doorpost.

* * *

I may wish to take a voyage to Chaney, but I mayn't know how to leave the London Docks.

* * *

The more that I was torn to pieces, sir, the more I'd say it though I may not be a Fox's martyr.

* * *

I may be very fond of pennywinkles, but it don't follow that I'm going to have 'em for tea.

* * *

Your Toxes and your Chickses may draw out my two front double teeth, but that's no reason why I need offer 'em the whole set.

* * *

I may not be an Indian widow, and I am not, and I would not so become, but if I once made up my mind to burn myself alive, I'd do it.

* * *

You might keep me in a straight-waistcoat for six weeks, and when I got it off I'd only be more aggravated

* * *

I'm very much beholden to you, and really feel it as a honour to receive your commands, being a black slave and a mulotter.

* * *

A person may tell a person to dive off a bridge head foremost into five-and-forty feet of water, but a person may be very far from diving

* * *

I may not be a Amazon, and wouldn't so demean myself by such disfigurement, but anyways I'm not a giver up, I hope.

* * *

Though I can bear a great deal, I am not a camel, neither am I, if I know myself, a dromedary neither.

* * *

We're coming to such passes that it urns all the blood in a person's body into pins and needles, with their pints all ways.

* * *

Ordering ones self lowly and reverently towards one's betters, is not to be a worshipper of graven images.

* * *

If I hadn't more manliness than that most insipidest of his sex, I'd never take pride in my hair again, but turn it up behind my ears, and wear coarse caps, without a bit of border, until death released me from my insignificance.

* * *

You needn't trouble yourself to make a noise at the door, nor to contaminate the key-hole with your eye, I'm packing up and going you may take your affidavit

* * *

Though there's an excellent party-wall between this house and the next, I mayn't exactly like to go to it.

* * *

Blue he is, and while I was a Christian, although humble, I would have natural-coloured friends, or none.

* * *

I may not have any objections to a young man's keeping company with me, and when he puts the question, may say "Yes," but that's not saying "Would you be so kind as like me"?

LOSSES TO ROCHESTER

We regret to report the death of two Rochester stalwarts—Mr. Louis I'Anson Cobb, Hon. Secretary of the branch from 1927 to 1940, and Mrs. Amy Cobham Prall, one of the original members of the branch on its foundation thirty-nine years ago, and always a zealous worker for the Fellowship. They were both fondly loved by all members of the branch and will be greatly missed.

Susan Nipper

One of the set of twelve extra illustrations by Phiz for *Dombey and Son*

MRS. PICKWICK

Mr. Hill's ingenious article providing a wife for Mr. Pickwick does not persuade me. His singular innocence in the ways of the world indicates to me that he kept out of it. He never married; he was a mother's boy who went home to her when other sons would have gone further and seen more of the varieties of life. I think there is evidence of this in Phiz's frontispiece, which was surely done under Dickens's direction. This shows Sam Weller and Mr. Pickwick seated before a table. Behind them, high up on the wall, hangs a picture of a lady with the outline of a chair behind her. She has a copious head-gear, the open neck now confined to evening dress, and mittens on her hands. Her age I cannot guess. She may be youngish or older. She has a sharp chin, which suggests great powers of management. One detail is conspicuous, the spectacles she wears—spectacles seen also on the face of Mr. Pickwick below. Is not this his mother, and did he not inherit from her the need to use them?

VERNON RENDALL.

SOCIAL WRONGS IN *BLEAK HOUSE* AND TO-DAY

By M. K. BRADBY

"WE are a great country, Sir, a very great country, and when we fall into error, and social reforms are needed, we breed a great man, Sir, a very great man, who shows us up to ourselves, Sir, and gets things righted. He does not spare us, but we are a great people, and can take it. Dickens was a great social reformer, Sir; he reformed the Court of Chancery, and abolished imprisonment for debt, and other abuses, which it is difficult for us in these enlightened days to remember ever existed. He was hard on us lawyers, Sir, very hard, but we learned our lesson, and have been the better for it ever since."[1]

Thus Mr. Kenge, year after year, in the pages of *The Dickensian*.

And yet? And yet?

Twenty thousand people imprisoned for debt in 1936. The costs of a suit in Chancery not infrequently amounting to tens of thousands of pounds. Humane and law-abiding editors living in terror of the law of libel, which protects wrongdoers from exposure in the press. A disputed will still apt to mean that the bequests vanish in costs.

But let me introduce myself so that my approach to *Bleak House* may be understood.

I have come to Dickens late in life, and am astonished to find how great he is. Defective eyesight barred me from small print, and Braille is too expensive. Nowadays I read as much of Dickens-for-the-Blind as I can afford. Complete, or nearly so, he costs £22 10*s*. 0*d*. All my life I have been interested in social problems and have worked amongst the poor. I used to long for an author who brought poor people into his books, and who realised that most people are poor, and that the great preoccupation of their lives is how to get a living, and their great emotional outlet, love of one another within the family group.

Dickens's people, rich and poor, are the people I have known. When I climb the garret stair, with Esther and Mr. Jarndyce, to find Charley looking after her little brother and sister (their father having recently died) I am vividly reminded of children I have known just like the little Necketts; children who broke my heart, because there was no Mr. Jarndyce to come to their rescue, and I had to bring their case before a committee of Mrs. Jellyby, Mrs. Pardiggle and Mr. Quail, whose methods do not change when they serve on local government bodies, and who as likely as not ordered the three children to three separate orphanages.

I find Dickens modern in spirit, ahead of our times, in his attitude to the poor. Things are not better than they were twenty-five years ago, but worse. We need another Gladstone and another Dickens, to re-introduce good faith, compassion, and respect for the underdog, both at home and abroad.

The favourite objects of attack with Dickens have their modern counterparts. The poisonous atmosphere and peculiar degradation of debtors' prisons are reproduced in our distressed areas. There we find the same genteel and disabling poverty, the same disintegration of family life, while honest, open work is made impossible, and cadging becomes a fine art.

Poor Jo, the neglected street-arab, thank heaven, is better looked after; but what would Dickens have said to the children slaughtered on the roads? Four or five killed every day; made to go to school and not given safe roads to walk upon. Worst of all, a premium put upon the child's ruin. Public opinion so depraved that a little girl

run over, and her brain injured for life, has her portrait in the papers in the arms of her smiling mother, as the lucky little girl who brought her family a fortune, thanks to her fairy godmother, the insurance company.

Dickens would have wept over that child; would have given his countrymen no rest till they saw the hideous wrong they were doing. The remedy is so easy too! But rejected by a ribald House of Commons, who treat the matter as a joke, just as they treated railway accidents in Dickens's day, refusing any measures opposed by Mr. Merdle or the motor interests. Lord Nuffield minds a few deaths on the roads as little as Miss Martineau minded a few deaths from unfenced machinery. Dickens was wont to see such cases from the point of view of the persons injured.

Tom-All-Alone's is more spectacular but scarcely more pernicious than the London or Glasgow slums to-day. At least Jo, when he was "moved on," could get to woods and fields, for a breath of fresh air. Nor are country cottages any better. It is all one to Will Thorn whether his insanitary hovel belongs to Sir Leicester Dedlock (as it still often does) or to a local Labour magnate. Whichever it be, he dares not offend his employer or his landlord, for he may find himself houseless and workless.

As for Parliament, our Buffys and our Boodles still run the country, still arrange for the Honourable Bob Stables to serve his country in a post of good emoluments (he is, in fact, in the House of Lords to-day, where his hunting similes win support for the government in the war); still manage all government affairs, central and local, amongst themselves, and still make a debating society of the House of Commons. There are three party machines instead of two; the Labour movement supplying a new brand of Podsnaps every bit as property-minded as the old, and as determined to keep the underdogs in their places, and to make it as impossible as ever to get any reform effected, except through the party machine. A Charles Dickens, if wise, still keeps out of parliament.

Sir Leicester Dedlock has long been reconciled to iron. He bought up the Rouncewell interest in the iron trade with the object of keeping household utensils beyond the reach of the poor.

Wat Tyler had his innings. For one glorious day he bade fair to "burst open the floodgates of society, and obliterate the landmarks of the framework of the cohesion by which things are held together." On the wave of this movement he mounted to parliament, where he has been a most popular member ever since, daily boasting of his revolutionary spirit to a delighted audience.

The threat to our countryside, described in the trooper's ride from Chesney Wold to the iron country, is now a completed crime. Our task to-day should be to save what remains of our squandered inheritance of England's beauty.

In truth, a million of us still lead cramped and wretched lives, who might be free and happy. In *Bleak House*, as elsewhere, Dickens points to the remedy. There is no short cut to a happy England, but the path of progress lies ahead in the direction already taken. He teaches us to be more critical and more compassionate; never to put up with evil deeds, though done by good people with good intentions, and, it may be, in accordance with time-honoured tradition. Show up the Court of Chancery, though a Lord Brougham has recently reformed it; show up the Kenges and the Vholeses and all the vested interests, for what they are—pernicious influences. Show up Mrs. Jellyby, not only for her neglected family and dirty home, but also for knowing so little about Africa, and for sending people there to die. Show up Harold Skimpole, delightful as a jester, but dangerous to

public morals, with his seductive doctrine of "I am not responsible." To-day he has entered the Church, where his talent for being "gallant and gay-hearted" leads us to neglect the sterner virtues; and his unfailing readiness to do, under all circumstances, what inclination prompts, is mistaken for "divine guidance."

Remember that Jo matters; that it is wicked to let him die in the streets, merely because there is no easy and cheap way of saving him; that a Gridley matters; that it is wicked to let him become disgruntled, helpless, hopeless, bitter, a derelict in body, mind and soul, whether in a distressed area or the Court of Chancery.

Housing and Education—these are the twin reforms still most urgently needed. And reform must come from all sides. It is the duty of the have-nots to insist upon better conditions for themselves and for their children. More education means more self-respect and power of self-assertion—the rescue of the submerged tenth.

Dickens appeals to the Russians to-day because his outlook is essentially democratic. He is interested in people for their personal qualities whether dukes or dustmen. He is the champion of the under-dog whoever may occupy that position, and is bent on arousing compassion in the hearts of the oppressors, courage and self-respect in the oppressed.

[In reference to our contributor's remark on page 228, we would call attention to the excellent National Library for the Blind, 35 Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.2, which is gallantly carrying on and is supplying blind readers free with Dickens books in Braille type. These books are printed from the stereos provided by the Dickens Fellowship during the war of 1914-18. Gifts of money to pay for more books would be greatly appreciated.—THE EDITOR.]

ALL HIGHLY COLOURED

You recognise the mood? You are sauntering along, softly whistling a tune you don't know, and thinking of nothing in particular. That was me one evening, after a strenuous day in the City of London.

Sauntering over London Bridge . . . suddenly I realised in front of me, a vision; a vision with beautiful golden hair hanging in a kind of mat at the back of a well poised head, surmounted by a comic hat, with eyebrows dyed black, I think. Wearing a yellow coat in which an outsize in coat hangers had apparently been overlooked, a pair of plum-coloured velvet trousers and a pair of cloth shoes.

Because of the Budget and certain restrictions caused by the war, I knew that it could be no mirage, it was real, but instinctively I shuddered and muttered "Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us, etc."

By this time we had arrived at the south side of London Bridge and another vision arose—Nancy and Rose Mayhe on the steps leading to the river. And as the thoughts fly upwards, so to speak, I wondered what Dickens would have said to ladies with plush trousers, yellow coats and yellow hair, with eyebrows dyed black.

The 5.31 tram, an empty carriage and a reverie . . . Dickens and velvet trousers for ladies:

Mrs. Vincent Crummles: certainly, and undoubtedly countenanced by her husband. Plaid ones, I fear. Miss Cornelia Blimber: yes, green plush. Nancy—No. Betsey—yes. Miss Betsey Trotwood; don't you dare suggest it. Mrs. Skewton: pink figured silk—the old haybag. Flora Finching: green serge. Sairey Gamp: how dare you—I'll lay you out for nothing. Mrs. Maestinger: navy blue serge with bell bottoms. Mrs. Pardiggle: black alpaca. Henrietta Petowker: crimson velvet—the puss. Miggs: boiler suit. Miss Tox: no, too frightened, otherwise greeny yellow with pink roses. Miss Wade: oxford coloured cloth.

Of the rest of the female characters a few remain who might don them. I question Lizzie Hexam, but undoubtedly some of the working girls in *Hard Times*, yes. The remaining ladies of Dickens are too lovable and must not be allowed to make such unwomanly exhibitions of their delightful selves; I will not even mention names.

"And so to bed" . . . as the saying is.

F. J. STAFF.

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ"

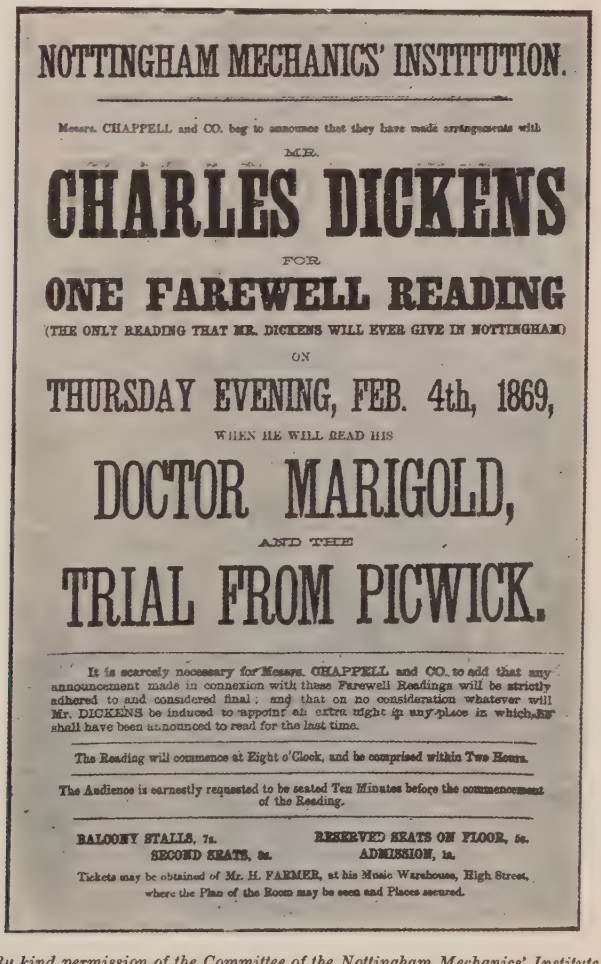
By WALTER DEXTER

VI.

BEFORE Dickens departed for America in 1867 he had made arrangements with Chappell & Co. for a series of Farewell Readings on his return. They were to cover one hundred readings in London, the Provinces, Scotland and Ireland, for which he was to receive £7500, nett, all expenses being paid by Chappells.

To assure the public that these were indeed farewell readings, the following notice was widely advertised:

> "Any announcement made in connection with these Farewell Readings will be strictly adhered to and considered final; on no consideration whatever will Mr. Dickens be induced to appoint an extra night in any place in which he shall have been announced to read for the last time."



NOTTINGHAM MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

Messrs. CHAPPELL and CO. beg to announce that they have made arrangements with

MR.

CHARLES DICKENS

FOR

ONE FAREWELL READING

(THE ONLY READING THAT MR. DICKENS WILL EVER GIVE IN NOTTINGHAM)

ON

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 4th, 1869,

WHEN HE WILL READ HIS

DOCTOR MARIGOLD,

AND THE

TRIAL FROM PICWICK.

It is scarcely necessary for Messrs. CHAPPELL and CO. to add that any announcement made in connexion with these Farewell Readings will be strictly adhered to and considered final; and that on no consideration whatever will Mr. DICKENS be induced to appoint an extra night in any place in which he shall have been announced to read for the last time.

The Reading will commence at Eight o'Clock, and be comprised within Two Hours.

The Audience is earnestly requested to be seated Ten Minutes before the commencement of the Reading.

BALCONY STALLS, 7s. RESERVED SEATS ON FLOOR, 5s.
SECOND SEATS, 3s. ADMISSION, 1s.

Tickets may be obtained of Mr. H. FARMER, at his Music Warehouse, High Street, where the Plan of the Room may be seen and Places secured.

By kind permission of the Committee of the Nottingham Mechanics' Institute

[Another facsimile poster announcing a Reading is reproduced on page 211 of the 1925 volume; and on page 212 of the same volume will be found a copy of an admission ticket.]

As an attraction, Dickens decided upon a new Reading, the dramatic scene of the murder of Nancy by Bill Sikes—which he always referred to as "the murder." A preliminary private Reading of this was given to one hundred and fifty friends at the St. James's Hall on Saturday, 14th November, 1868. There was very considerable hesitation on the part of his friends, in expressing an opinion with regard to it; they were undoubtedly awe-stricken by the intensity of the scene; many had an irresistible desire to scream, and a celebrated physician gave his opinion that "if only one woman cries out when you murder the girl there will be contagion of hysteria all over the place."

Sensation of the "Grand Guignol" type was then unknown in London, and a famous actress declared "the public have been looking out for a sensation these last fifty years, and now they have got it."

The Farewell series started in London on October 6th, 1868; reference to the list on the next page will show the great amount of travelling involved, as every fortnight until April there was a reading at St. James's Hall. During November the provincial readings were suspended, on account of the parliamentary elections.

The first public reading of *Sikes and Nancy* was given at the St. James's Hall on January 5th, 1869. "It was painfully apparent to his most intimate friends," writes Dolby, "and those who knew his state of health the best, that a too-frequent repetition of it would seriously and permanently affect his constitution. The terrible force with which the actual perpetration of this most foul murder was described was of such a kind as to render Mr. Dickens utterly prostrate for some moments after its delivery, and it was not until he had vanished from the platform that the public had sufficiently recovered from their sense of composure to appreciate the circumstance that all the horrors to which they had been listening were but a story and not a reality."

The Readings arranged for the middle of February were cancelled through illness. The incessant travelling, coupled with the strain of the Murder, ultimately resulted in a sudden breakdown at Preston on April 22nd, and the cancellation of the rest of the tour. The reader is referred to Dolby's "Charles Dickens as I knew him" for a full account of this disaster.

WHERE DO YOU FIND THESE?

1. Ponto.
2. Mr. Co.
3. Rumty.
4. Slingo.
5. Rookery.
6. Rampage.
7. Barnacles.
8. Chancery.
9. The Orfling.
10. Moving on.
11. The Rules.
12. T'Othercot.
13. Gog and Magog.
14. Glorious Apollers.
15. Boffin's Bower
16. Prunes and Prisms.
17. Little Faffin.
18. Leaving a margin.
19. Quanko Samba.
20. Proticipate.
21. Salwanners.
22. The Old Soldier.
23. Glavermelly.
24. The Vengeance.
25. Boot Tavern.
26. Bartholomew Close.
27. Boots and Brewer.
28. Tompion Clock.
29. Make an effort.
30. Gas Microscopes.
31. Jacob's Island.
32. Protestant Manual.
33. Bleeding Heart Yard.
34. Harmonic Meeting.
35. Mealy Potatoes.
36. Gas and Gaiters.
37. Double Diamond.
38. Jeremy Diddler.
39. Frosty-faced Fogo.
40. Brimstone Scorpion.
41. Infant Bonds of Joy.
42. Plashwater Weir.
43. Hockley-in-the-hole.
44. Finches of the Grove.
45. Snittle Timberry.
46. Demnition bow-wows.
47. Whistling Shop.
48. New River Head.
49. Milestones on the Dover Road.
50. Overhaul the vollum.

(Answers will be printed in the next number.)

WANTED.—The Winter, 1941-42, number of *The Dickensian* is in demand, and so is the Spring, 1942 Number. We are quite out of stock, and shall be happy to re-purchase copies (if necessary). The latter number is particularly wanted. We desire to thank those readers who have so kindly obliged us in the past in this respect.

THE FAREWELL READINGS

Date.		*Town.*	*Place.*
	1868		
Tuesday	October 6	London.	St. James's Hall.
Saturday	,, 10	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Monday	October 12	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Tuesday	,, 13	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Wednesday	,, 14	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Saturday	,, 17	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Monday (Aftn.)	October 19	Brighton.	Grand Concert Hall.
Tuesday	,, 20	London.	St. James's Hall.
Thursday (Aftn.)	,, 22	Brighton.	Grand Concert Hall.
Saturday	,, 24	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Monday	October 26	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Tuesday	,, 27	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Wednesday	,, 28	Liverpool.	St. George's Hall.
Saturday	,, 31	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Monday (Aftn.)	November 2	Brighton.	Grand Concert Hall.
Tuesday	,, 3	London.	St. James's Hall.
Saturday (Aftn.)	,, 7	Brighton.	Grand Concert Hall.
Tuesday	November 17	London.	St. James's Hall.
Tuesday	December 1	London.	St. James's Hall.
Monday	December 7	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Wednesday	,, 9	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Friday	,, 11	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Monday	December 14	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Tuesday	,, 15	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Wednesday	,, 16	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Thursday	,, 17	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Saturday (Aftn.)	,, 19	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Tuesday	December 22	London.	St. James's Hall.
	1869.		
Tuesday	January 5	London.	St. James's Hall.
Friday	,, 8	Belfast.	Ulster Hall.
Monday	January 11	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Tuesday	,, 12	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Wednesday	,, 13	Dublin.	Rotunda.
Friday	,, 15	Belfast.	Ulster Hall.
Tuesday	January 19	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday	,, 20	Bristol (Clifton).	Victoria Rooms.
Thursday	,, 21	Newport.	Victoria Rooms.
Friday	,, 22	Cheltenham.	Assembly Rooms.
Saturday (Aftn.)	,, 23	Cheltenham.	Assembly Rooms.
Monday	January 25	Bristol (Clifton).	Victoria Rooms.
Wednesday	,, 27	Torquay.	Town Hall.
Thursday	,, 28	Torquay.	Town Hall.
Friday	,, 29	Bath.	Assembly Rooms.
Saturday	,, 30	Bath.	Assembly Rooms.
Tuesday	February 2	London.	St. James's Hall.
Thursday	,, 4	Nottingham.	Mechanics' Hall.
Friday	,, 5	Leicester.	Temperance Hall.

Date.		*Town.*	*Place.*
	1869		
Monday	February 22	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Wednesday	,, 24	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Thursday	,, 25	Glasgow.	City Hall.
Friday	,, 26	Edinburgh.	Music Hall.
Tuesday	March 2	London.	St. James's Hall.
Thursday	,, 4	Wolverhampton.	Exchange Hall.
Saturday	,, 6	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Monday	March 8	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Wednesday	,, 10	Hull.	Assembly Rooms.
Thursday	,, 11	York.	Festival Concert Hall.
Tuesday	March 16	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday	,, 17	Ipswich.	Public Hall.
Thursday	,, 18	Cambridge.	Guildhall.
Saturday	,, 20	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Monday	March 22	Manchester.	Free Trade Hall.
Tuesday	,, 30	London.	St. James's Hall.
Wednesday	,, 31	Sheffield.	Music Hall.
Thursday	April 1	Birmingham.	Town Hall.
Friday	,, 2	Birmingham.	Town Hall.
Monday	April 5	Liverpool.	Theatre Royal.
Tuesday	,, 6	Liverpool.	Theatre Royal.
Thursday	,, 8	Liverpool.	Theatre Royal.
Friday	,, 9	Liverpool.	Theatre Royal.
Tuesday	April 13	London.	St. James's Hall.
Friday	,, 16	Leeds.	Mechanics' Institute.
Monday	April 19	Blackburn.	Exchange Assembly Rooms.
Tuesday	,, 20	Bolton.	Temperance Hall.

CLUES FOR UNMADE DICKENS CROSSWORDS

BY WALTER THOMAS

DOWN

1. Familiar to Packers (6).
2. M.A in Latin means a dressmaker (9).
3. Not a large cigar (9).
4. Put back to a man (6).
5. To make when found (4).
6. The one joy of the fat boy (4).
7. A real legacy to lodgings (8).
8. The miss here was not amiss (6).
9. Bel in gale (7).
10. A man of two sentiments (7).
11. Racy to a T. (5).
12. Favourite toys; but never played with children (5).
13. This and carry one (3).
14. Not a tail hairdresser (7).
15. A moving character (2).
16. A big man without an addition (4).
17. Important although nobody (4).
18. Housed a little steam engine (4).
19. His name rhymed with what he lacked (4).
20. No one ever found out what the M stood for (7).
21. A matter of time and place (5).

ACROSS

22. First on the road, but not a conveyance (5).
23. Mother Flans, but unmarried (11).
24. Wardle in anagram (6).
25. Made up, set down, taken out, but never taken in (7).
26. Alias Richards (6).
27. Alias Jobling (6).
28. A toaster (4).
29. A light comedian in a "fit-up" (6).
30. A horticultural export from Finchley (7).
31. The elder miss (7).
32. Sounds like shelling peas (7).
33. His nose was aquiline (5).
34. It is supposed that her name was Matilda (5).
35. Plenty of this relation in Dickens (4).
36. As hard as the first part and as strong as the second (10).
37. A knowing Alderman (4).
38. A fine pet (7).
39. The part of friendship hat should never —a—. (4).
40. Mar make for a jailer (7).

(Solutions will be found on inside front cover)

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IN WAR-TIME

I

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is regretted that more branches have not availed themselves of the opportunity to send brief reports of their activities during the past three years, especially as it is known that the majority of them are still carrying on.

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BALHAM (No. 93).—As all the members of the Committee were evacuated on the outbreak of war, meetings were suspended indefinitely; but by April 1940, a sufficient number had returned to enable meetings to be resumed. But in the autumn the Battle of Britain put an end to the meetings, and they were not resumed until November 1941. The membership then commenced with 17—out of a peace-time roll of 45, and it has steadily increased to 32. We now have more comfortable quarters than of old, and although transit difficulties make outside lecturers a rarity, we have a fair supply of home talent to draw on. Recently we have had lectures on "Dickens as a Descriptive Writer" by Miss Henriques, B.A., "Mr. Ley's Dickens Circle," by Mr. E. J. Fulwood, and "Dickens and America," by Miss E. M. Davies.

As most of our members are working overtime on various branches of war work we have not made any co-operative effort at charitable work by the Branch, but most of the ladies do knitting for their friends in the Forces. Meanwhile we adapt Mr. Tony Jobling's remark, "We have confident expectations that things will soon come round and be all square."

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BROMLEY (No. 98).—This branch suspended meetings in the autumn of 1939, reducing the subscription to a figure sufficient to defray the cost of *The Dickensian*, and the annual subscription to Headquarters; and the plan has proved highly successful. The ladies still hold their knitting parties, and there is not a member who is not doing good work for the war effort.

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HATFIELD (No. 62).—With the exception of a short interval during the autumn of 1940 this Branch has managed to hold its meetings at monthly intervals during the winter. Unfortunately it was found impossible to meet in a public room, but instead we have been enjoying jolly little evenings in each others' houses. The programmes have been very Dickensian in every sense of the word and have in most cases had the Book for the Year as their chief subject.

We have contributed to the gift fund for local serving men and women, to the entertainment fund for troops billeted in the town, and to the Christmas gifts to evacuees, for whom our Chairman acted the part of Father Christmas.

Summer outings being impossible, we consoled ourselves by devoting part of an evening to reminiscences of past happy outings, aided by a number of snapshots taken by members.

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LONDON (Headquarters).—There has been no cessation of meetings as already reported in *The Dickensian*, the only alteration being that the mid-winter ones have been replaced by summer meetings, and all have been held in the afternoon. The syllabus for 1942-43 will be posted direct to members very shortly.

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NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—Our activities have naturally been curtailed, and consequently the dramatic and other entertainments usually arranged have not matured. Our programme otherwise has followed the same lines as hitherto, the chief objective being a series of dramatic readings from Dickens. These have taken place fortnightly on Saturday afternoons at our comfortable Headquarters—the Mikado Café. The plan adopted has been to divide the chapters of the chosen book into, say, 16 or 17 panels; these were allocated to members who read the descriptive matter and they, in turn, invited other members to take the character parts in dialogue form; thus the continuity of the "story" was preserved.

During each season Whist Drives, Socials, and the Annual Birthday Party have been held. All the meetings have been well attended, and have proved most delightful breaks from the war's turmoil.

Several attempts have been made to organise summer outings, but, alas!, owing to difficulties as to hampers and food restrictions the arrangements had to be abandoned, except for a Garden Party which was held at the house and grounds of a member.

Our membership ranges round about 130-140. Most of them are engaged in various duties with war services and institutions, and therefore the Branch has not undertaken any particular sphere of war work collectively.

Although practically every member subscribed to *The Dickensian*, a new rule was recently introduced increasing the annual subscription, and we now supply the magazine each quarter free to members.

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PLYMOUTH (No. 46).—Many members left the city on the outbreak of war, and the severe air raids since have caused many of the business people to go out of the city for the nights. The Branch accordingly found itself compelled to mark time; but most of its members are, of course, engaged with the usual part-time war work. We are looking

forward to the time when our regular fortnightly meetings can be resumed; our dramatics become active once again, and our popular summer outings freely organised.

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PRESTON (No. 123).—We have had regular fortnightly meetings, and lectures and discussions have been of the usual high standard. An exhibition of Dickensiana was held in the Harris Library through the kind permission of Mr. J. Pomfret, and this was much appreciated. Interchange of visits and views between the Blackburn branch and our own is still a popular feature of our programme. In December our flourishing drama section entertained us at a Christmas Party.

To celebrate the Birthday this year we went in a body to a meeting of the Red Cross and St. John Hospital Libraries, where Lord Derby presided, and as a result several of our members enrolled as voluntary workers to sort, clean and mend books at a local depot now being set up. We feel this is a particularly good work for book-lovers.

We held a meeting on June 20th, to which members of the Blackpool, Blackburn, Manchester and Lancaster branches were invited. On this occasion the Secretary was presented with an easy chair by the members of the Preston branch.

The donations to charity have not been forgotten, and we try to keep this aim and object ever before us. A very sad loss was sustained in the death of our first and well loved Secretary, Miss Margaret Huddleston. The Preston branch owes its inception to her work and interest, and we like to think that she spent many happy hours with us.

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SAINT PANCRAS (No. 76).—In spite of being in one of the worst bombed districts of London we have been very fortunate in being able to carry on without ceasing during the whole period of the war; and although many members have moved from the district the attendances at the meetings and rambles have been excellent. Many members are engaged in war work, but continue knitting for the services, do canteen work, work in war nurseries, etc. As already reported in *The Dickensian*, through the generous donation of $100 from Philadelphia, we were able to give a wonderful party to over 200 bombed-out St. Pancras children, and since then many kind gifts from Vancouver and other overseas branches have been expended on boots and much needed surgical appliances. From the general funds of the branch we subscribe to the Dickens House, Southwark Cathedral, and the Children's Hospital, to which Dickens was an early benefactor. Each Christmas gifts of toys, dolls and surgical appliances are made to the little patients here.

Meetings and rambles are held each month, and keen discussions are a feature. Dickens having lived in many different places in the borough, and having found many of his characters here, we are alive with Dickens interest.

Dr. Johnson has been a most popular President; he is followed in October by Mrs. Johnson. For the coming months, readings from *Dombey and Son* have been arranged for November 21st; collections of toys, etc., for Christmas on December 12th.

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SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—We have carried on all through, in spite of the loss of our headquarters and Dickens library through enemy fire. Evening meetings have been discarded in favour of afternoons. Our ranks are almost confined to women—the men not being able to attend afternoon meetings, but we have got through a deal of good work and entertainment. Knitted garments for Lady Kemsley's fund occupied us from the first, and funds were raised for the wool by whist drives, which also contributed to the Spitfire Fund. Readings from Dickens entertained the knitting and sewing parties. In April, 1940, the first evening meeting proved a success and was greatly welcomed. It was a supper, and the members generally were delighted to be in contact once again. Throughout that summer rambles were arranged, and some outside talks given on Dickens. From April to October, 1941, and from February in this year, regular afternoon meetings were arranged, and we have had many most interesting lectures; and a debate "Are Dickens's women true to life?" which resulted in a victory for the affirmative. At the last 1941 meeting we unsuccessfully endeavoured to solve the Drood mystery. In February, 1942, a "Barnaby Rudge Gazette" was presented and greatly enjoyed. During all this time the demands of the various war charities have not been forgotten, and donations have been sent to the Red Cross and St. Dunstans. Many of our members not in the forces are engaged in A.R.P. or W.V.S. One of the letters of thanks received from the Forces was from a recipient of a woollen article who was delighted at the link-up, his mother being a member of the Fellowship in another town.

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WHITSTABLE (No. 116).—Being on the Kent coast a considerable number of our members evacuated on the outbreak of war, but those who remained determined to keep the flag flying, and have done so every since. The knitting group has sent hundreds of garments to the "Daily Sketch" Fund, and although the group started with 30 and is now reduced to about 6, we keep on working. Readings have been given fairly regularly by our members, whenever possible, and during the summer of 1940-41 some very successful outings were arranged. We have had four this summer. Winter meetings have been more difficult to arrange, but these have mostly taken the form of whist drives.

It is with regret that we have to record the death on December 1st last after a short illness, of Miss Bevan-Davies, who was Hon. Secretary for three years to 1939; also of Mrs. Texera, who since the early days of the branch has given wholehearted service in the production of plays which have met with great success locally. Both these members will be very greatly missed. They did much to popularise the works of Dickens in the neighbourhood.

(Continued at foot of cover opposite)